# THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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## BEAUTIFUL LIMERICK.

### Interesting Description of the "City of the Violated Treaty."

Its Poets, Cobblers, Newsboys, and Temperance Bands.

TWO POETS.

Among the names which bring honor to Limerick are those of two poets, whose genius has won for them the distinguished place in Irish literature of which their native county is so justly proud. The late Sir Aubrey de Vere was author of "Mary Tudor," "Julian the Apostate," and many other poems; his son, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, has written, among other works, many fine national and religious poems; of the latter, his "Legends of Saint Patrick" are perhaps the most generally popular. The town house of the late Baronet was in St. John's square, in the Irish town, but the family residence in Curragh Chase, near Adare.

The mansion beside the bishop's house in Henry street was formerly the residence of the Earl of Limerick; it is now a Catholic seminary. Right opposite to both houses are hideous stores belonging to the Inland Revenue Department; they are ugly in color and build—a massive blank wall to look upon. No passer-by would suspect that, high in air, on the top of the block, is what was a splendid garden, where, forty or fifty years ago, rare fruits ripened and choice flowers bloomed. It is now, I believe, a hay-field, and last summer the dwellers in George's street could, from their upper windows, see the hay-makers at work there, high above the noisy, bustling city. The garden, in its days, was called Roche's Folly, as it was the costly whim of a banker named Roche who lived in George's street in the early part of the century.

Henry street in one of the thoroughfares that run the full length of the city and out into the suburbs. It is a quiet way, with, at the south end, many of the small shops we seek for in vain in the fashionable streets—small shops where it is possible to sit and rest and watch how the humbler citizens live; where a small excuse will lead to a long and, believe me, instructive chat with

THE OLD COBBLER

who plies his trade ic an open shed under the shade of the schoolhouse trees; an old cobbler who, like all of his trade, thinks a vast deal and reasons much with that pleasantest—because so easily reasoned with—of all antagonists in an argument, himself. Then Henry street is pleasant too, because from it at any moment one can reach the bustle of George's street, on one hand, or the pleasant water's side on the other; then, after sauntering along the quays a little way, we can take the ferry, cross to the green banks of Clare, and wander away by the Shannon, for many a pleasant mile.

If the principal street of Limerick is gay and bustling by day it is ten times more full of life by night—a different life altogether. As the warehouses, the workrooms, shops, the factories close there comes suddenly a change over the town. The noise of carriages and the rattle of carts cease, and give place to a busy, continuous hum of voices and tread of feet. The whole street is given up to thousands of artisans, work-women, shop assistants, clerks, who, well-dressed and well-mannered and quiet of demeanor, throng George street in such a dense, ever-moving crowd that a stranger would imagine the whole town must assuredly be gathered here for some unusual sight. Then suddenly begin the evening calls of the various newsboys who sell the rival local newspapers—all issued in the evening. These boys seem to have a genius at their head, a youth with a full, loud voice; a lad who, like young Bob Crachett, hates monotony and loves to invent variations on the names of the journals he cries out. He evidently invents the cry, and all the others, as they dart here and there, up Mallow street, along George street, down Cecil street, echo the genius in various voices, down to that of a tiny child whose little bleat sounds like the quaverings of a kid.

"THE MUNSTHER-NOOS-I-ENNE,"

shouts the big boy, and this is echoed from one or another until the evening edition of "The Limerick Leadheree-a" bursts from its office. The rivals outshout each other until, from the doors of "The Chron-i-kill-i-ell" rushes a new brigade, and the rivalry grows furious, the little kid bleating above all others so eagerly that at last it forgets which paper it heralds and jumbles all the names hopelessly. The boys take such pleasure in their disarrangements of newspaper titles that they even vary those of the Dublin papers, and on Sunday mornings, as the vast congregations pour out from the Augustinian church, they are hailed with "Tell-e-gram si-cune—Dublin Evening Tell-e-gram si-enne."

About 9 o'clock on certain evenings the tramp of men's feet brings one unaccustomed to the place hurriedly to a window to find out what is coming now. A curious sight meets the eye. The whole street, from side to side, and from end to end, is given up, for the time, to a vast crowd of men, young and old, who come trooping down in thousands. On, and on, and on they pass, all moving in the same direction, and still, far as the eye can reach, is the same dense throng, quietly and steadily moving on.

And for a full half hour this continued. The first time I saw this extraordinary sight I was told a story connected with it in "troubled times."

It was a few years ago, when the then and present agitation in Ireland was, for political reasons, exaggerated in English newspapers, and exaggerated so wildly that English men and women, obliged to visit our land, came in fear and trembling for their lives. Among those whose duty called them over was an English officer whose wife accompanied him. Their friends bewailed their exile—filled their minds with warnings, terrors, forebodings of every horror. If they were coming to a land of Canaibals things could be no worse, and so the couple arrived in such a state of mind that each time the officer went out on duty, his wife spent the hours of his absence picturing to herself the various fearful means by which those terrible Irish might make away with her husband. I won't insinuate that a soldier could feel afraid on his own account—it must have been solely for the safety of others that he felt nervous. However that may be, he always kept

LOADED REVOLVERS

close at hand, and slept with a little table on either side of his bed. On one table lay a revolver pointing to the window, the weapon on the other covered the door.

The first Monday night in Ireland of the Englishman and his wife came. As they sat in their room in George street, they suddenly heard the unmistakable tramp of a great crowd. The officer flew to the window and threw it open; the crowds—all men, too—kept steadily marching on; hundreds—thousands—passed, a something that seemed a determined purpose in the way they unflinchingly crowded on, deviating neither to the right nor left. The gentleman rang his bell violently. His wife rushed to the stairs as the alarmed lady of the house came up.

"What is this? Was it a rising of the people? What had occurred? Where were the police? The city authorities? There seemed to be no one out to disperse such a formidable gathering." These were the husband's queries. The poor terrified widow (in anticipation) was incoherent.

"Oh!" said the lady of the house, "that is a rising that often takes place here. Those are the troops of the Holy Fathers; but you have nothing to fear in a town where those battalions keep order." And she explained that it was only the sodality night for one of the many religious societies of Limerick—a confraternity six thousand strong, of men and youths, from the humblest artizan to the merchant and the well-to-do assistants in all the large firms of the city. This association, whose aim is to lead all within its influence to a life of piety and temperance, is one that has brought incalculable blessings to the people. It is under the direction of the Redemptorist Fathers, who in union with zealous clergy of the city work with indefatigable zeal for the welfare of their fellow-townsmen, and, in an especial manner, among the six thousand members of their sodality, who meet regularly every week in the beautiful new church built by the Fathers in the south suburbs of the city. The Fathers never lose sight of any one of their associates, but visit them, encourage them, seek out and bring back any who may relax in their attention to their religious duties; and so good is the work done that not only do the men themselves speak with love and reverence of the watchful care of their

"HOLY FATHERS,"

but all the large employers, Protestant as well as Catholic, eagerly second the efforts of the clergy by every means in their power, the Protestant business houses and factories giving early hours on "rising nights," that their men may attend the weekly temperance and other meetings. Indeed, so much has the total abstinence movement done for the citizens that it would not be easy now to find the pendant for a story told me on the days before Father Matthew—of the "good old times." The narrator—then a boy—was present in a shop in Mungret street when a well-known toper—a shoemaker of the name of C—— came in to get a drink, of which he had already taken more than enough:

"I'll thank you to let me have a glass of whisky on credit, my boy."

"I can't, C——," said the assistant, seeing the man was drunk already. "I really can't."

"You can't, sir! Not on my word of honor, sir?"

"No, now—don't ask me, like a good fellow. I really couldn't."

"Then, you mean understrapper, give me a glass on this"—holding out a book—"on this, the most valuable of my possessions. I leave it as a pledge of my good faith."

"Indeed it won't do, C——. It's better not. I could not take it on any account."

"Oh, Lord!" ejaculated C——, with drunken solemnity, and striking the book with his hand. "Oh! what a pass things have arrove at in Limerick, when a man can't get a glass of whisky on his own word or on the Word of God! It's my family Bible, sir, that you—sneaking Papist that you are—treat with such disrespect."

If there be any drunkenness in Limerick now, it is not seen in the evening life of modern Limerick streets. There, in the evenings, one sees only a crowd—a great crowd—of quiet, well mannered, sober folk, who all together take their evening airing after the day's hard work, and who, as suddenly as they filled the street, disappear to their homes precisely as 10 o'clock rings out from the chimes of McBirney's large warehouse, and then the whole city is silent for the night.

I find that, after all, I have but given the outer aspect—the shell of modern Limerick. There is not space for its life in the by ways, in the poor quarters, in the great workhouse and its hospital—that world in which are gathered together the poorest, the weakest, the most sorrow-laden of all the community. The workhouse schools and hospital are under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, through whose gentle ministrations much has been done to alleviate the sufferings of the sick poor.

I have not told of the factories, the splendid schools, the vast convents, where young and old are sheltered and helped to help themselves and others. I studied, with a view to scenic effects, even a little of the cellar-life, relic of old times, yet to be found a stone's throw from the fashionable club; but, were I to enter into all that is of interest in Limerick of today, we should never arrive at the old town—the "City of the Violated Treaty."—*Mary Banim in Dublin Freeman.*

THE O'S AND THE MACS.

You may talk as you please of your names celebrated,
Whose deeds are related in every romance;
In stories are told and in epics are sung:
But Erin has sons who have annals more famous,
And records of deeds more supported by facts;
And little the brag of the alien need shame us,
While proudly we boast of our O's and our Macs.

Their origin's lost in the mists of past ages,
Their prowess the pages of History fills;
They ranked high as poets, and statesmen and sages,
When Britons ran naked and wild on the hills.
And when over Europe by pagans victorious,
Faith's light was put out like a taper of wax—
Who made it once more shine unsullied and glorious,
But the monks and the nuns of the O's and the Macs?

When nations bowed down to the Danish marauder,
And groaned 'neath his taxes, and shrank from his blows,
In Erin alone he got little soft sawder,
But mighty hard knocks from the Macs and the O's;
And when the false Saxon would injure and scorn her,
They routed his hosts and repelled his attacks;
And for three hundred years shut him up in a corner
To beg for bare life from the O's and the Macs.

Alas for poor Erin! 'twas trusting betrayed her,
Or else she had made but short work of the foe,
And never have stooped to a heartless invader
Whose reign has been ruin, whose smile has brought woe!
But, shot down in valley, and hunted in highlands,
And thinned by the bullet, the gibbet, and axe,
Still vainly 'twas sought from the homes of our island
To root out the stock of the O's and the Macs.

And when cruel laws through the world-wide nations
As exiles and wanderers forced them to roam,
Their genius soon won them the loftiest stations,
And riches and honors denied them at home.
And often in joy 'mid the cannon's loud rattle,
They laid their old foes on the broad of their backs,
While high o'er the rush and the roar of the battle,
Rang out the wild yell of the O's and the Macs!

They're scattered today to the ends of creation,
But their faces are lifted—their hopes soaring free,
To raise their old land from her deep degradation,
And crown her once more fairest isle of the sea.
Oh! God speed the day when they'll meet the invader,
And make him his grip of poor Erin relax!
No longer to crush, and no more to degrade her
While lives the old stock of the O's and the Macs.

Then hurrah for the land that such heroes can nourish,
God send her the comfort that sadly she lacks,
And ne'er may the Macs and the O's cease to flourish,
Till we raise a new stock of the O's and the Macs!

### Reception and Presentation.

Court Enterprise No 26, I. O. F., gave a grand reception Wednesday night at Douglas hall, to Patrick Cummins, of the Chicago City Railway. Mr. Cummins is the newly elected H. C. R. of the I, O. F. He was presented with a diamond stud worth $200. Dr. Caldwell made the presentation speech. Mr. Cummins responded and thanked his numerous friends for the honors they had conferred upon him. An excellent programme was carried out, consisting of an overture by J. Mayer's orchestra; solo, Jas. Murphy; piano solo, Miss Dulu Frank; solo, Miss May McEnery; cornet solo, Miss C. Benjamin; solo, Daniel Cahill; cornet duet, Miss C. Benjamin and Mr. H. A. Rimpler; solo, Mr. Skelly; selection, J. Mayer's orchestra. Among those present were Capt. Fitzgerald, Dr. Able, Dr. Caldwell, Lawrence Markey, Edward Kelly, Barney Ceffey, M. J. Doyle and John M. Hugh. The entertainment wound up with a dance.


### Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets

via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 22, May 20, Sept. 9 and 25, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 205 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels.

### The Great American Chorus.

Sneezing, snuffing and coughing! This is the music all over the land just now. "I've got such an awful cold in my head." Care it with Ely's Cream Balm or it may end in the toughest form of catarrh. Maybe you have catarrh now. Nothing is more nauseous and dreadful. This remedy masters it as no other ever did. Not a snuff nor a liquid. Pleasant, certain, radical.


## ROMAN ECHOES.

### Numerously Attended Lenten Services—New Cardinals to be Appointed.

Buffalo Bill in the Eternal City.

[*Roman Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times.*]

THE PAPAL COURT.

On Monday the Holy Father received in private audience Mgr. Pagliari, Archbishop of Spoleto; Mgr. Caputo, Bishop of Aversa; Mgr. Carnevalini, Bishop of Civita Castellana; Mgr. Sorii, Bishop of Fabriano and Matelica; and Mgr. Ricciardi, Bishop of Nardo. On Thursday Mgr. Bertuzzi, Bishop of Rieti, was received by the Holy Father in a private audience. On Friday, according to custom, the usual Lenten sermon by the Apostolic Preacher was delivered in the Vatican in the august presence of the Supreme Pontiff, attended by the College of Cardinals, the prelates, and other members of the Pontifical Court. On Saturday the Pope was pleased to begin the audiences to the Lenten preachers in the various churches of Rome, which will be continued during the week; on that morning the following were admitted to his august presence: The Rev. Titus Cucchi, professor of dogmatic theology in *Re Sacramentaria* in the Seminary of St. Apollinaris and preacher in the Archbasilica of St. John Lateran; Rev. Father Paul della Pieve, Capuchin, preacher in the Basilica of St. Peter; Rev. Father Albert Lezuzi, O. P., preacher in the Basilica of St. Mary Major; Rev. Gotthard Scotton, preacher in San Lorenzo de Damaso; Rev. John Baptist Bonelli, preacher in Santa Maria in Trastevere; Rev. Father Salvatore da Gioia, O. S. F. C., preacher in Santa Maria in Vallecilla.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND THE POPE.

On Thursday morning Professor Schottmuller, D.Ph., director of the Prussian Historical Station in Rome, had the honor of being admitted to a private audience with his Holiness. Professor Schottmuller, who has just returned from Berlin, was a bearer of a message from the Emperor of Germany to the Holy Father which he communicated to him during the audience.

NEW CARDINALS AT THE NEXT CONSISTORY.

From well-informed sources I have learnt that at the next Consistory the following Prelates will be raised to the dignity of the purple: Mgr. Satolli, titular-Archbishop of Lepanto, President of the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the Urban College of Propaganda, and Apostolic delegate from the Pope to the Catholic Congress of Baltimore, and the inauguration of the Catholic University of Washington; Mgr. Louis Rotelli, Archbishop of Pharsalia, and at present Papal Nuncio at Paris; Mgr. Vincent Vanutelli, Archbishop of Sardes, at present Papal Nuncio to the Court of Lisbon, and brother to his Eminence, Cardinal Serafino Vanutelli, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Relics; Mgr. Frederick Peter Foichi, Archbishop of Perugia; Mgr. Gabriel Boscali, Auditor of his Holiness; and Mgr. Henry Foschi, referender Prelate of the Papal Signature of Justice.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE HIERARCHY IN JAPAN.

As I said last week, the Holy See has now decided to establish the hierarchy in Japan. The Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda has resolved to divide Japan into four dioceses; namely Tokio, Nagasaki, Kioto, and Sedai, with Tokio as the Metropolitan Archdiocese. Several of Cardinals on the Sacred Congregation were in favor of making Nagasaki the Metropolitan Archdiocese on account of its historical connection with the progress of Christianity in Japan. As the readers of the *Catholic Times* will well remember, it was in Nagasaki that the Dutch had a warehouse for trading purposes after the general expulsion of the Christians from Japan; but they were only permitted to keep it on condition not only of denying Christianity, but according to the terms of agreement by which their ulterior sojourn in Japan was to be tolerated, they were obliged to have the symbol of Christianity on the floor within the entrance to their warehouse in such a way that whoever went in or out of it, even themselves, were obliged to trample on the cross every time. Such was the price the Dutch were obliged to pay for the privilege of their Japanese trade, which they were forced to ransom by the barter of their immortal souls. Since that time, too, Nagasaki has contributed a rich and numerous contribution to the heavenly hosts of martyrs, whose prayers for their native land seem to have won for it and their fellow-countrymen the blessing of prosperity for the church among them to such a degree as to warrant the Holy See, which does nothing in a hurry, to decide upon the all-important step of the establishment of the hirerarchy in that far off East of Asia.

THE HOLY SEE AND THE GERMAN COLONIES.

The Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda has instuted an Apostolic Prefecture for Kameroon, one of the German African colonies, and it has been handed over to the charge of the German members of the Pious Society of Missions. As there is a clause in the German law excluding the Jesuits and Orders of Congregations affiliated to the Society of Jesus, the Sacred Congregation had first of all to consider the question whether the Pious Society of Missions is in any way affiliated to the above society, and upon this important question being decided in the negative, the ordinary business of handing over the prefecture of the colony to them was proceeded with. The German Government has, however, insisted that all the business of the colony and all orders must be dealt with and transmitted through the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda and not be under the direct control of the society.

LEO XIII. AND THE PRINCE OF MONACO.

In the official portion of the *Journal de Monaco* we read that his Holiness Leo XIII. has conferred upon his highness, the Prince of Monaco, the cross of the Pontifical Order of Christ.

DEATH OF THE VICAR APOSTOLIC OF CHINA.

News has reached us of the death of Mgr. Francis Tagliabue, Vicar-Apostolic at Pekin, who succeeded Mgr. Dela Pace in 1883.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.

Private letters from Jerusalem inform us that the Most Rev. Dr. Corrigan and his companions, Commendatore Harry Casseli and Mr. Farren, have arrived safely at Jerusalem and are extremely pleased with their visit to the Holy Land. They expect to be back in the Eternal City for Easter, though reluctant to leave the Holy Land so soon. The change has had a very beneficial result on the archbishop of New York, whose health was beginning to make his many friends rather uneasy; but it is to be sincerely hoped that the rest from the arduous duties of his vast diocese will completely restore his Grace to his pristine vigor of mind and body.

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.

In accordance with last week's promise we now return to the visit of Col. Cody and his now famous troupe to the Eternal City; the first thing of particular interest in the cause of religion was the

BAPTISM IN CAMP

of the little daughter of the Indian interpreter, William Irving, better known as "Broncho Bill," of about 2 years old, who first saw the light of this world at Manchester. By special permission of the cardinal vicar the baptism took place in the camp. The interesting ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Farrelly, of the American College, assisted by Rev. Dr. F. Z. Rooker, vice-rector of the same college, on the last Thursday morning of their sojourn in the Eternal City, in the presence of all the Indians, several of the "cowboys," and about twenty English speaking visitors, who were admitted privately to the function. The little girl was named after Col. Cody's daughter. Mgr. Zenghi assisted in the name of the Roman curia. Before the ceremony Rev. Dr. Farrelly delivered a nice little discourse, which was rendered into the native Indian tongue by "Broncho Bill," the father, for the benefit of the more numerous portion of the camp congregation, in which he explained the meaning of the sacrament he was about confer on the infantine applicant, the need of it, and the special significance of each part of the ceremony.

TACKLING THE ROMAN WILD HORSES.

We next come to the principal features of interest in the performances before the Roman public. The first of these consisted in the catching, saddling and riding of four of the wild horses from the Roman campagnia. The Duke of Salmoneta, who had witnessed with the other Romans and visitors to the Eternal City the extraordinary feats of horsemanship performed by Buffalo Bill's famous cowboys with the Texas "buckers," doubted somewhat the genuineness of the wildness of the prairie horses. He therefore challenged the troupe to ride seven horses of his from the Roman campagnia, which had for seven years baffled all the attempts of the "butturi" or trainers of the Campagnia, who are about as wild as the horses themselves. Buffalo Bill readily accepted the challenge, and on Wednesday undertook, in his own words, to try to ride them and to succeed in the attempt, and as the result well proved, the Colonel had not overrated the skill of his trusty followers. When the time came, during the performance to ride the "buckers," two of the Roman wild horses were driven into the arena.

THE AUDIENCE WERE LITERALLY BREATHLESS

with expectation to see on which side the victory would ultimately be proclaimed. Now had come the anxious moment looked forward to with such eager excitement for several days, that two days before the tug of war not a single available ticket was to be had. On their first appearance the Roman "buckers" looked tame, and might have been almost taken for trained horses were it not for a certain wicked glare in the eye which clearly betrayed the mischief which lurked within. At the approach of the cowboys on their sturdy, quick little horses, lasso in hand whirling round their heads as they almost flew along, the Romans took to their heels of four ropes of the lassoes by which they were caught, they were effectually brought to ground by a dexterous throw from

BUFFALO BILL AND BUCK TAYLOR,

the king of the cowboys, respectively. Once down the saddling and mounting were speedily got through, and to the utter surprise of the natives present, in spite of all futile attempts of the horses to throw their riders by bucking or kicking they were successfully ridden several times around the arena, in less than ten minutes from the time of their being ushered in upon the scene of action. The same scene was repeated the following day with equally successful results for our visitors from the "Wild West" of America; but I regret much to have to record that the victory of the visitors, which fully bore out the legitimacy of the claims of Buffalo Bill for his cowboys, was acknowledged in a very mean spirit by the natives; such a thing as a true love of fair play not being by any means a conspicuous trait in the common Italian character, unless it be rendered so by its absence—a fact which was only too well brought out on the following Saturday, when their behavior not only was utterly wanting in generosity, but was what we rather vulgarly dub "caddish" in the extreme.

NATIVES VS. COWBOYS.

After the victory for the "cowboys," the natives wished also to win fair laurels for themselves, by going and doing likewise by the famous Texas "buckers," and they agreed upon Saturday for the trial by the Roman "butturi," or horse trainers, to try their luck and skill. According to the arrangement they were to catch, saddle and ride the American horses in the same time as the "cowboys" had done the Roman ones, there being eight "butturi" in the arena on foot with the lasso, two on horseback, and they should choose their own steeds to tackle. Upon their entering the arena the shouts of applause which raged on every side were simply deafening to the great conquering heroes. They set to work, and one was caught and mounted after about ten minutes, but tearing into the side awning of the arena directly, both steed and rider were quickly upset in the mud, and that finished the question as far as they were concerned. The next one, though he exceeded the allotted time, succeeded much better, and although he mounted from his own horse, he really kept his seat admirably, and proved himself a first rate horseman; for which he was applauded most frantically and vehemently and with fairly good reason. The third horse, however, was one too much for them—a wild little roan. He baffled all their attempts to nab him, and was finally taken by a "cowboy" and handed over to the "butturi" who, with much trouble, succeeded in gettting the saddle on its back, but could not get the man there. Each time a mount was effected it reared on its hind legs and threw itself on its back. They kicked it up again and then the same story was repeated. The "cowboys" got on this particular horse when on the ground, and once the rider is on its back, which he is as soon as he gets up, it is not so difficult to ride. The "butturi" would not attempt that dodge, but wanted to quietly walk up to the animal and mount as a gentleman or lady would a well trained horse.

THE EFFECTS OF THE REPEATED FALLS,

which had been continued for nearly three quarters of an hour, added to the fact that they had forced a piece of iron into the animal's throat, which cut it at every fall, and a light chain across its nostrils, which precluded its breathing and which they refused to remove at the repeated requests of "Buffalo Bill," at last made Colonel Cody very naturally decide to rather put an end to the affair than to waste time—they had already exceeded their allotted time by over half an hour—and perhaps lose his horse. He therefore interfered and was forced to make them relinquish their futile attempts by an authoritative appeal to his "cowboys" to "come on" when words were found unavailing and the gigantic strength of Colonel Cody himself could not rescue the horse from the tender mercies of the "butturi." The sight of the "cowboys" in the distance, galloping full pelt into the arena, lasso in air, was enough to put an end to the matter. The "cadishness" of the native spirit now showed itself, and whistling and hissing greeted the visitors from every side through the rest of the performance, which was only contrasted by the applause of genuine appreciation of some few who were able to judge without bias and give fair play its due. The whole troupe left by special train on Monday for Florence.

### Refused to Answer.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, April 9.—I sent a communication to the editors of the Chicago *Herald* (mailed at 7 p. m. on Sunday last) signed "Veritus," correcting an error in their publication of the 4th inst., the substance of which you will find subjoined, and as I have not been able to find that they have taken any notice of it, I thought I would submit it to your judgment as to whether any further notice should be taken of it, and whatever you may do in the premises will be equally acceptable to me:

The *Herald*, under the head of "Short Answers," said to an inquiry by a correspondent, F. B. Tracy, Morning Sun, that it could find no record that the Harpers caricatured President Lincoln as intoxicated, and that they believed they never did. That they could find no record, should indicate that a search was made, but it must have been of such a nature that had it been thorough they were afraid (as the question gave rise to the suspicion that the proof existed) they might unearth it. Well, it was not of such remote antiquity that any great amount of time could be lost over it, but be this as it may, I referred him to the volume of *Harper's Weekly* beginning Jan. 1861, and on and up to the May of that year, all of which is teeming with the vilest and most odious caricatures, and not only of the one in question which appears in the one under date of March 3d and 9th, but also of all the celebrities of the North or Union party of that time, not even sparing what ought to be spared not only to them but to all good citizens under all circumstances—the Father of his Country, George Washington himself. I also referred them to an elaborate article in the *Catholic World Magazine*, Vol. XIV, "An Ancient Journal," March number, 1872, upon the same subject. The writer has some odd numbers of that magazine, and he happened lately to be poring over the one above mentioned, when seeing the answer in the *Herald* he saw he could lay his hand on the proof to refute it, which he has accordingly tried to do. I need not remind you of what the Harpers are as regards either our religion or our race; and it may not be amiss to remind them and the public of the nature of their performances at the period referred to—the most critical of the nation's experience, and the aid and comfort they bestowed on the South and everything Southern.

A CONSTANT READER.

The Senate passed the bill authorizing the purchase of 2,500 tents for the use of the flood sufferers in Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana.

# "CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

# The Clearances

—OF—

# WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Robberman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FAIRIES OF ORCHARD HOUSE.

Rupert had often, like many another high hearted youth, whose blood coursed in healthy circles through his veins, and whose brain received no taint from unworth courses, dreamt dreams wherein beautiful beings passed and repassed before his vision.

But as he wandered along the banks of the winding stream, and as his foot trod on the grassy carpet, thinking of Miss Hargrave, his eyes were destined to fall on a face before which not alone hers, but the brightest face that ever passed through his dreams were destined to lose their loveliness.

The path deflected from the side of the tiny stream, whose careless wanderings up to this it had followed, and took its way, somewhat to his surprise—for his feet had been following it unconsciously and the ripple of the musical stream was in his appreciative ears—through a meadow and thence to a style, over the steps of which the tops of trees showed themselves.

"I had better take this path, and follow it. Miss Hargrave said so. Most probbly I shall find the house beyond to be the one Joe is in. Poor fellow! It is a curious meeting after our adventure."

With some such thoughts as these in his head, he turned his feet stylewards from the river and ascended the sloping ground that led thereto.

"An orchard! Apple trees I declare! This does indeed look something like Devonshire. I hope I am not trespassing in entering. I know I should in my native country. I can plead in any case mission, and my being a stranger"

So with the confidence of youth, he had made up his mind whilst he approached, and crossed the style.

The day was approaching noon when he reached there. The warm sun poured its rays through the spreading branches, making their leaves dance and glisten with reflected light, and fell in unsteady and broken patches on the green sward surrounding their roots—the leaves trembling with every passing zephyr, giving an ever altering and changing appearance to these irregular patches of beautiful sunlight. Above his head, within reach of his hand, hung heavily, drooping with the weight of golden fruit, the branches. Here, a cluster of red apples tempting in their luscicuness. There, extending in bounteous succession up the thin branch, that seemed unable to carry them, the tempting fruit, until it reached the main trunk.

The air was full of their perfume; and the white gable of the house at the further end, standing out in striking contrast with the rich green of the shimmering leaves and the russet brown of the mossy trunk, formed a lonely and attractive, if not romantic, scene.

"Yes; this is something sweet," he thought. "This is really pretty."

He passed through it, taking quick notice of its beauties; now taking a peep through its network of branches at the blue sky, flecked with white clouds above, and again at the heavy masses of fruit that were heaviest and thickest where the trees lifted themselves into the light and air.

Finally, in his heedless wanderings he approached the gate at the gable end that led into the garden at the front of the house; and there with his hand on the upper rail preparing to open it, he suddenly stopped.

Within the garden, which mostly consisted of gooseberry bushes, strawberry plants, and rose trees, the sun lay in an undisturbed shower of golden light—in so soften ng a flood of splendor that the opening roses, whether white or red, lay basking sensuously in its ripening heat drinking their rich colors from out its delightful rays. So, too, the rich berries drank from *them* their luscious sweetness and attractive hues.

Within the garden, however, under the shade of a small pear tree, the only tree therein, sat two girls, before whom, when his astonished eyes rested on them, the red and pale hues of the fruit trees, and the rich presence of the sunlight seemed to lose their charm.

As he stood stock still at the gate his eyes seemed all at once to drink in more of earthly beauty than his mind had ever before imagined.

One of the girls was reading a book on a rustic seat, the other sitting beside her was knitting; both were quite silent. The reader, as her face bent slightly over the book, called up to Rupert's mind his boyish dreams of Paradise. The rounded profile; the deep blue thoughtful eye, over which the eye lashes drooped, shading somewhat their softened brightness; the white forehead, over which the dark hair was plainly but neatly braided; and the exquisite, indefinable beauty that harmonized each into one beautiful whole was such as no pen can describe.

It was not much that one feature was beautiful; it was the striking and singular grace and the unamenable beauty that gathered over all together, that made her appearance so handsome—so unusually prepossessing. Rupert had often seen girls with eyes as blue, with foreheads as fair, with faces whose rounded contour was perfect as hers; but the air, the appearance, that singular charm or expression reigning over all and combining them together, he had never before seen. For a minute or two he stood silently looking on, no movement interrupting the repose of the scene, his eyes and his soul drinking in the fatal draught of beauty, and with it that of intoxicating love.

Beside the reader was another girl, very attractive too, but of a much less pensive character, whose pleasant face, as she knitted, seemed to be quite familiar to him. Whatever her thoughts were fixed on, as her fingers moved rapidly at her work, seemed to be of a pleasant character, for her eye occasionally lighted up with a droll smile, and her lip moved as if she were silently passing some repartee.

Suddenly she raised her head smilingly, as if in salutation to some imaginary acquaintance whose form was just then filling her mind, when her eyes happened to fall on the gate, thence on the hand that was silently laid on the top rail, and family on the owner thereof. The motion of the eyes was so rapid from the time she lifted her head until her gaze fell on Rupert's face that she had hardly time to think, and accordingly, failing to collect her thoughts, her first attempt at action was a slight scream.

"Norah!"

"Yes!" said the reader, lifting her head from the book

"Look!—who's that?"

"Where?"

"At the gate—at the orchard gate!"

The bright eyes, that had raised themselves at the question full of thought and reflection, now startled into activity and life by the hurried undertone of the other, flashed their brightness in the direction indicated; and, turning them on the gate, they rested on a young man somewhat over middle size—rather approaching tallness, firmly but lithely built, and upon whose face the moustache, already beginning to grow dark and heavy, alone indicated manhood. A foraging cap upon his head gave him rather an outre look; but was no mistaking the frank manliness of his face, nor the genuine look of courage and good humor that shone in his eyes And an arm in slings gave him an air of interest.

The lifting of the faces of the young toward him disturbed his reverie, in which for a minute or two he had rested, and he hastened to open the gate. It easily swung aside, and almost in a second, before they had time to stand up from their seats, he had passed into the garden.

"I hope I have not misturbed you, ladies I am looking for a friend of mine, Joe the coachman. I was directed to come this way to find him—and came it"

This much, Rupert with great hesitation and brokenly. He would have had vastly less difficulty in rising on the spur of the moment to address a court marsal that had pronounced his death sentence than in saying even so much.

"This is Mr. Clarendon," whispered the knitter, as she took in the whole position at a glance.

"Yes, I am," said Rupert, hearing the whisper, and seizing on it as a lucky chance, whereby to introduce himself. "I am Rupert Clarendon, ladies. I was on the coach with Joe at the time of the runaway; and, with him, got hurt. I learn he is anxious to see me; and so, too, I am anxious to see him."

"Joe, Mr. Clarendon, is in the house—if you will do us the favor to walk inside. Or perhaps you would prefer we should send him out to you?" Thus Maury.

"Oh, not at all," said Rupert courteously and hurriedly; "I shall go in to see him. Many thanks."

"Then I shall show you the way in, Mr. Clarendon. And keep you from the dogs. We keep very wicked dogs here to protect us, Mr. Clarendon."

Mr. Clarendon, as he looked on the bright smiling face that said this, thought that she would have been perfectly right in keeping a seven headed dragon, much less a dog, to protect her—to protect both—and would have said so, but that he feared how it might be taken.

The wicked dogs, as they entered the barn from the garden, bounded forward, but a word from the rosier of the two girls drove them back. Strong, active, fierce, sharp-fanged animals they seemed to be; and as the steadied themselves more firmly on their hind legs, and uncovered their teeth, Rupert could not help fancying they would have been formidable foes to encounter had he come alone; or had he failed to meet his present gentle, but in this case powerful escort.

"Down, Marmaduke! down sir! Down, Sir Hardinge!" said the young girl, as she placed her white hand on the rough shaggy forehead of the dog, and pulled lightly his ears—thereat the dog, in huge gambols, tifted his fore feet on her dress, and mouthed her hand as if going to eat it.

"It would not have been a very large mouthful, either," Rupert thought, as he watched these caresses on her part, and the antics on the part of the animals.

"We call these Marmaduke and Sir Hardinge, in honor of our landlord," said the young girl in explanation, as she led the way into the bawn.

"Aye, and very good names too! Devil a better—as you'd say if you saw 'em sometimes," said a voice from inside the bawn gate, which Rupert promptly recognized even before he saw the speaker.

"Why, Joe, did you come out?" said the young girl in great glee.

"Hallow, Joe!" broke in Rupert, as he saw the figure he was in quest of sitting on a small wooden form by the side of the whitewashed sunny wall, busily engaged in mending fishing tackle, "Hallow, Joe!"

"Mr Rupert Clarendom," said Joe with some surprise, even though he had anticipated a visit from him.

"Yes, Joe. I thought I'd come to see you, and how you were doing—How are you doing? We have had a memorable race together," said he, turning to the ladies.

"So I heard," said the paler of the two

"You were going quiet enough when I saw you," said the other.

"It ought to have been good luck to meet you," said Joe, addressing the girl who spoke, as he laid aside his assemblage of hooks and flies, and stood up to face the three, who were standing in front of him talking down to him; "but you see it wasn't. It's generally lucky to pass a girl beetlin' clothes"

A new light flashed upon Rupert's mind as he remembered the meeting with the young girl that was standing on the stepping stones of the little stream busily engaged beetling on the day of the accident, and with whom the coachman had had such a long conversation. Her features with this reminder flew back in quick recollection to his memory. Save the momentary embarrassment then of being found in dishabille, and the ruddy flush of action and exercise on her face, they were the same.

"Well, you can't say yet that it wasn't lucky, Joe," said Maury with a quiet laugh. "You're not much the worse for it, nor is this young gentleman much the worse for it. Any you—you've had plenty of time to repent of your sins, and prepare for the next world"

"I have time enough to do that," said Joe gravely. "A young fellow like me, of twenty three—'tisn't thinking of the next world he ought to be."

As Joe was entering within half a dozen years of sixty, this evoked a hearty laugh from the two girls, in which Rupert himself could not help joining.

"Seventy five, Joe," said Maury, when the laugh had ended. "Seventy five; not a day less. And a fine round age it is, too—glory be to God, for having reached it!"

"I'd like to see," said Joe, with the same gravity, "the young fellow of 25 who could touch me at anything, only for the stiffness in this leg and this arm." He nodded with his head to the one and the other, which were still in splints.

"Is it in making love you spend your convalescence, sir," said Rupert, joining into the humor of the occasion, and prompted to say so by a consciousness that Joe had the best of the business.

"Aye, indeed, Mr. Clarendon; I'd have liked to follow suit wid yourself. How do you like Grangemore Castle and all the people in it?" added he with malicious drollery.

"Very well, indeed, Joe," said Rupert, not catching the intent that lay under the question. "I find them very kind and very attentive and considerate, and I have grown to like them very much."

Another unexpressed thought ran through his head, which was to the effect, "I wish I had been carried here instead;" but he did not say so.

"So we've heard," said Maury, who was readiest to lead the conversation. "So we've heard. Haven't we, Joe?"

"Yes, we have," said Joe. "Mr. Clarendon did not give up his time to thinking of the next world, no more nor meself."

"No; he did not," said Maury.

"Way would we? Young fellows," said Joe, "like us can very well afford to do that in fifty or sixty years time."

"Oh, you might give yourself a little more time, Joe. Put on another ten years or so for yourself," said Maury.

"No" said Joe chivalrously, "I never want to be better nor my friends."

"That's good of you, Joe. But you were always so good," quoth Maury.

"Yes, that's so; and I'll be better after a bit. When Mr. Clarendon gets the estates, I'm bound to be either coachman or steward to him or maybe both, with a touch of the bailiff along wid id—an' then see what I'll do."

"You'll give me Glenholen—won't you, Joe?"

"Yes, I will."

"And plant a large orchard for me, Joe?"

"Yes, certainly," said Joe with splendid generosity.

"And you'll put Norah back in Carrigbrae?"

"No, I won't," said Joe promptly.

"Oh, Joe!" said the second young girl, in gentle, good-humored remonstrance.

"Oo, Joe."

"Divil a bit, Miss Norah," said Joe, steadfastly.

"Oh, Joe! Why!"

"Because I couldn't," said Joe, emphatically. "Because I couldn't. The greatest saint that ever worked miracles couldn't bring back Carrigbrae as it was"

"But one as good, Joe," said Maury, in further appeal. "One as good would do as well, Joe, you know."

"No, Maury, it wouldn't. A miracle could not restore it to me as I knew and saw it. Nor a miracle wouldn't blot out what has happened. I can't do that," said Joe, with a feeling, however, of that his earnestness was breaking in abruptly on the pleasant nature of their chat, and was out of place, and therefore instantly resolved to change it. "But if I don't do that, I'll do a great deal of other good things when I am coachman and bailiff, and Mr. Clarendon comes in for the estates."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

**Something Interesting to Every Family.**

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

**Catarrh Cured.**

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

**Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.**

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eloy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

**Consumption Surely Cured.**

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

## GAELIC PROSE.

**Staid Lathaireach na Gaedhilge.**

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Is ambrusach má rinneadh aon mhaitheas do'n Gaedhilig leis an t-sóit leabhar nó seanmhail do cuireadh air bun air a son air feadh na n-Eirionnach mí-bhfadhas chuaidh thart, taobh amuigh de'n cheann do cuireadh air bun an Ath-Cliath. Is é an ceann do b'fhearr do bí i agaibh ariamh, acht caithfidh mé rádh nach bh-fuil sé annsin mar do bhidheadh sé an tan do cló bhualeadh é air d-tús. Chídhtear dam go bh-fuil na daoine eagarsa na páipeura seo bí sa tabhartha chum daoiseadh nach h-áill leo do mhaslughadh 'ná chum na Gaedhilge do leathnughadh. Is aisteach an modh é seo chum na Gaedhilge do leath-oghadh. Is aisteach an modh é seo chum teangan leathmharbh do bhreith air ais chum beatha; acht 'sé an modh ceart le cur mínneas air an teangain agus déidin orra seo do bhéidheadh ceapuighthe dá fóghlum,

Is ró'an mío-áth theagas air an Gaedhilig ó gach áird. Fuaras an leabhar dá bh-feaca cuntas in do páipeur beag i seachtmhain ó shoin, i. an leabhar do cuireadh amach go dóighseanach le teagasg Gaedhilge na h-Alban. Chualas mó áit a d-taobh sfáide miofhortunaighe ár d-teangan ins an tír sin, agus an mbodhaan ann a bh-fuil sí truaillighthe; acht i for shaoil mé gurabh sí griobhtha mar atá. Ní fheacas aon nidh chó uathbhasach ariamh. Dá n-dí fáidhe na h-Alban aniughe chum na Gaedhilge do mharbhadh, nílor bh-féidir leo aon nidh do dheunamh chum í do mharbadh níos luaithe 'ná í do sgrí obhadh mar sgrí buthar í leis an dúine amadánach d'fhoilligh an leabhar sin. Is truagh nach bh-fuil dílghe d'a chrochadh.

Tar éis an mí éid so a d-taoibh taobh dubh do neithoadh bualtaes leis an Gaedhilig, dearcamaois anois air na t-obbaibh geala dhíobh. Oic mar atá siad, is féidir leo do bheith ar a measa leó. Muna bh-fuil mórán deunta a g-cúrsa na Gaedhilge, tá nidh éigin deunta. Tá tuntus ó dáu fíor Eireannach tabhartha go domhain agus go daingean do cheist na Gaedhilge Feiceann siad anois gur sa soilsíre 'ná d' fheucann siad a riamh, brigh agus tábhacht na cúise sin. Beag a tá uibhir na n-daoiseadh atá as fóghluim na Gaedhilge anois, tá siad i fos líbhmhaire 'na bí siad air feadh na h-aimsire chuaidh thart. Ní féidir leis na daoiltibh atá ós cionn na n-Eireannach san m-baile, bheith a g comhnuidhe chó fuar um an teangain iframbail a's do bhí siad roimhe seo, agus atá siad anois. Tiocfaidh atharrughadh orra faoi dheire. Ní thiocfaidh leo seasamh a n-aghaid tola cinidh go léir. Más áil leis na h-Eireannaighibh bheurfaidh siad air a d-treoruightheoiribh do dheunamh dá taobh. Is cóir dúinn cuimhniughadh go bh-fuil mórán ama riachtanach do chríst mar an g-ceist seo. Dualtar iomlóthha bhaineas le riaghail-eolas mór i nios luaithe atá siad seo bhaineas le teangain. Do righneadh iompogh riaghail-eolais a m-Brail a n-aeu t-seachtmhaibh. Da m-beith mian le muintir na tire sin, iompogh teangan do dheunamh, cad é mar ad ama buoh riachtanach dóibh? Mórán bliadhan gan ambrus. Ná cailleamaois dóthas, air an ádubhar sin, timcheall na Gaedh Ize. Ní bheidh sí a g-cómhnuidhe mar atá sí anois. Nior tógbhadh an Róimh a n-aon lá." Is iomdha an mearbhal a righneadh leis na daoiltibh ler tógbhadh í. Is iomdha an mearbhal a righneadh leis na daoiltibh do cuair aithbheoghadh na Gaedhilge i ómpa; acht a n-aimbuhcoin a mearbhal, aithbheochar na Gaedhilge chó cinnte a's do tógbuadhan Róimh.

CNOC SIDHE GAMHNA.

**Resolutions of Condolence.**

The following resolutions of respect and condolence were passed by the Curran Mutual Aid and Building Association.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our honored and worthy fellow member, John B Ryan, and the pleasant and intimate relations which for seven years he held with this Board as a fellow Director make it eminently fitting that we should place upon record our feelings of appreciation of his services and regret for his loss. Therefore be it

*Resolved*, That this Board of Directors will ever hold in grateful remembrance the sterling professional qualities, the patience, integrity and clear sightedness displayed by our late fellow member John B Ryan, in the work of this board.

*Resolved*, That the sudden removal by death of our esteemed fellow member from the position which he held as attorney of this Board creates a vacancy not easily filled, and that his fellow members fully realize and deeply deplore the loss occasioned to themselves and the society at large.

*Resolved*, That we hereby extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved family and friends of the deceased, hoping that even in the sadness of their affliction they may yet find some consolation in knowing that the worth of his private qualities and the value of his services to this association are properly appreciated.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be properly engrossed and sent to the family of our deceased fellow member, and that the resolution be also spread upon the records of this association.

SIMON ARMSTRONG,
THOMAS MURRAY,
MICHAEL W. CAGNEY,
Committee.

**How Business Men Travel**

The New York *Sun* in a recent article on "Busy Men on the Cars," referring to two prominent New York business men who have important interests in Chicago and New York, says: "Both men travel with small, light valises or dispatch boxes, which are constructed especially to hold papers, documents, telegraph blanks, pads, files, and so on. The amount of work accomplished in the twenty-five hours between Chicago and New York was usually very great, for there was practically no interruption, and schemes were figured out and decisions arrived at in practical tranquility, though they were most of the time running along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The advantages of American railroad travel are eminent in a case of this sort, for a section or private compartment on this train, with movable tables, facilities for being shaved and eating meals at regular hours, practically give a man the advantages of his own office. It is the most successful effort yet to annihilate time and space."

The train referred to in this article is the Chicago and New York Limited (Wagner Vestibule) via the Lake Shore and New York Central route, leaving Van Buren street station every day at 5:30 p. m. F. M. Byron, city passenger and ticket agent, 66 Clark street; C. K. Wilder, western passenger agent.

Two counterfeiters, William Slattery and his wife, have been arrested at Buffalo, N.Y. A complete "kit" of tools was found in their room.

# HE MADE ANOTHER RICH.

## SEARCHING THE ROOM WHILE THE DOCTORS DISAGREED.

**How a Wide Awake Merchant Decided a Knotty Medical Dispute and Made His Friend's Fortune—City Tricks That Were Useless in a Small Town.**

"I have made one fortune in my time," said an old merchant the other day, "and"—

"Spent it," broke in the writer.

"Didn't have that pleasure."

"Lost it?"

"No, sir; the fortune I made was that of another man."

"How was that?" asked the writer.

"After I left college," replied the first speaker, "I knocked about the country, here and there, for a few years, before I settled down in this city. In the course of my wanderings I met an old school friend who had gone to a medical college and was then just starting to build up a practice in a small country town. When I ran across him he was in a dreadful fit of the blues, and I said to him, after first greetings had been exchanged: 'Why, old man, you're not like your former self at all. You haven't been practicing long enough to have killed anybody yet, have you?'

"'No, no! my boy,' he answered, 'not that. But, if I may confide in you with safety, as I think I can, I will tell you my difficulties. I'm madly in love with the most beautiful girl in all the world and she loves me, but all her people are opposed to our marriage, because the old man is wealthy and I am poor. They want her to marry a rich suitor who is after her, and I feel like a brute in asking her to wait for me till I am able to support her, while that prospect seems so distant. I've been in this town for six months now and not a single patient have I secured.'

THE OLD TRICKS NO GOOD.

"'How many rivals have you got here?' I inquired.

"'Only one,' he answered, 'old Dr. Scroggs, but he has been here for forty years or more all by himself. He resents my intrusion as a personal insult, and so do his patients, I think. There seems to be a prejudice against young doctors, anyway, and I am heartily discouraged.'

"'Why don't you try some of the time honored old tricks of the trade?' I said.

"You know them as well as I do. Have a boy rush into church and whisper in your ear where you sit, well up toward the front. Then grab your hat and make as much noise as you can going out. Get up half a dozen prescriptions and have the bottles directed to Mrs. Smith, Mr. Brown, etc., and then see that they are delivered to the wrong houses. Send for them again, explaining that in the rush of business these little mistakes will sometimes happen. There are a dozen such little dodges that'—

"'No use, my dear boy,' he answered, with a sigh. 'All those pretty games are N. G. in a small town. If Mrs. Smith has a toothache nearly everybody else here knows it or will hear of it some day. The tricks would all be discovered here to a dead certainty, and I would be worse off than ever. They are all right enough in a big city, but'—

"'What's that,' I exclaimed, as a terrific banging was heard at the outer door. Charley, my friend, went to the door, and a girl's voice came out of the darkness, saying, 'Come down to the hotel, doctor, there's a traveler there took down with a fit or somethin' and he's like to die.'

THE BOTTLE DID IT.

"Charley grabbed a case of instruments, and we both started for the hotel on a run. We got there a few minutes before old Scroggs, for whom the girl who told us had also gone. Before Scroggs got up to the traveler's room Charley had diagnosed the case to his own satisfaction, and was looking very wise indeed. Scroggs seized the insensible patient by the wrist, listened to his heart beats, and before Charley had said a word, rapped out:

"'Case of apoplexy, bring some'—

"But Charley was not to be ignored in this way. 'Its a plain case of ep'— he began, but just then I pulled him to one side and whispered in his ear.

"'I was about to remark, Dr. Scroggs, resumed Charley, with considerable dignity, 'that the case is undoubtedly one of morphine poisoning.'

"'Nonsense, young man,' said old Scroggs rudely, 'I say it's apoplexy.'

"'A stomach pump will soon prove who's right,' said Charley, as he unlocked his case and produced one.

"The little crowd of hotel employes and villagers who had crowded into the room, a big one, seemed rather amused by the arguments of the doctors, and as the patient was a stranger to all, the application of a stomach pump, if only to settle the controversy, met with general approval.

"Well, to make a long story short, morphine it was sure enough. This discomfiture of old Scroggs spread abroad. Charley soon built up a practice, married his heiress and lived happily ever afterward."

"And how did you discover it was morphine just in time to prevent your young friend from declaring in favor of epilepsy?" asked the writer.

"That's just what Charley asked me when it was all over," replied the narrator. "The fact is, while Charley and old Scraggs were engaged in looking wise over the patient, and guessing at his malady, I was looking about the room. There in a corner behind a foot stove I spied a bottle. Picking it up I saw that it was labeled 'morphine, poison,' and that it had been recently emptied, as the outside of it was still moist. That was enough for me, and I had just time to hiss in Charley's ear 'morphine' before he committed himself."—New York Tribune.

J. M. Fortner, the defaulting treasurer of Riley county, Kansas, has been released on $5,000 bail.

## CATHOLIC DIRECTORY.

**Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.**

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 7:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gallagan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2934 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. L. Coghlan, S. J., pastor. Residence 413 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 6:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cushman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 548 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dearborn sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Aronor ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2928 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 35th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E.J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2549 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kaivelage, pastor. Residence, 998 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 245 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Kilian Schloesser, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m, children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 884 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mcgregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 498 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Huribut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 324 Huribut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m, vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 604 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church

Church of the Immaculate Conception—264 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m, high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Rathe, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara Mosthane, pastor; Residence 821 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's — Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dorwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 259 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a. m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, O. S., pastor Residence 1408 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heidmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—264 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m Rev. D A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m Rev. K. Kosiowski, pastor. Residence 238 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev J. Radziejowski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

# CHASED HIM 5,000 MILES

## An Important Arrest in Spanish Honduras.

### GOOD WORK DONE BY A DETECTIVE.

**A Man Who Stole $41,000 from a New York Bank Captured at an Expense of $25,000—Attempt of a Memphis Woman to Murder Her Uncle—Hanging of Two Georgia Murderers—A Maniac's Terrible Deed—Other Crimes.**

NEW YORK, April 4.—After a chase of 5,000 miles, Robert A. Pinkerton has arrested in Spanish Honduras Edmund Sturges Crawford, who stole $41,000 from the American Exchange bank in this city May 5, 1888. Crawford was a messenger in the bank. With another messenger named Earle he was intrusted with a package containing $41,000 in bills to be taken to the Adams Express company and by them forwarded to Washington for redemption.

**The Theft Discovered.**

Crawford substituted a package of cut wrapping paper. The treasury officials discovered the fraud and notified all interested. The express company engaged Pinkerton, who at once suspected Crawford and finally ran him down after a long chase, in which he braved yellow fever and assassination. The express company paid the money to the bank, which it will now refund less $32,500 recovered from Crawford but plus the expenses of the capture, which amount to $25,000. Crawford has confessed and implicates two others, not known as yet. When his confession reaches the officials additional arrests will be made.

### IS THE WOMAN CRAZY?

**Attempt of Mrs. Annie Golds to Murder Her Uncle.**

MEMPHIS, Tenn., April 4.—Somewhat of a sensation was created in the morning by an attempt of Mrs. Annie Golds to murder her uncle, Gibb Williams. Williams is a clerk in a book store on Main street, and his niece the wife of a farmer living at Lucy, Tenn. She entered the store closely veiled, and as Williams came forward to wait upon her, placed a revolver to his he rt and fired. The weapon, however, was too insignificant to do any serious damage and Williams escaped with a bad scare and slight scratch. Mrs. Golds is 1-21 years old and her uncle is 25. She claims that he wronged her when she was but 9 years of age and Williams says she is crazy. She was locked up.

**The Deed of a Madman.**

EGG HARBOR CITY, N. J., April 4.—George Lang, while temporarily insane, terrified his family, consisting of his wife and three children, by the announcement that he would set fire to the house and wished them to remain quiet. The house was soon in flames, and the neighbors, who had by this time arrived upon the scene, with difficulty rescued the little ones. A desperate struggle ensued when it was attempted to remove the maniac. He finally secured a shotgun and threatened with death all who attempted to approach him. He was seen to jump into a burning bed, there were a few groans, and then all was quiet.

**Toot Pleads Guilty.**

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., April 4.—Clarence J. Toot, the embezzling United States Express company's cashier, who voluntarily returned from South America under stress of conscience and gave himself up, pleaded guilty in the superior court. It was at first given out by his attorneys that a defense would be made on the ground of temporary insanity, but this was not the course pursued. He will be sentenced next Wednesday. He took upwards of $1,800 in money and diamonds, and has restored $1,000 in money and some of the diamonds.

**Two Georgia Murderers Hanged.**

HOMERVILLE, Ga., April 4.—Robert McCoy and William Hicks (colored) were hanged here Thursday for the murder of William Hughes and his wife last November. The murder was an atrocious one. The men called at the house of the old couple, paid them for lunch, and then proceeded to brain both of them with an axe. They confessed on the scaffold, but said that Dave Register, a white man, had paid them $35 to kill the victims.

**Probably Butchered by Chinamen.**

HELENA, Mont., April 4.—A colored woman of bad repute was found dead early Thursday morning with the body terribly mutilated by knife wounds. A Chinaman had been seen running from her house some time before. The house into which he entered was raided by the police, and thirty Chinamen found there were arrested, the identity of the supposed murder not being established. The case is being investigated.

**A Mysterious Shooting.**

WAUKESHA, Wis., April 4.—About 8 o'clock at night L. W. Ainsworth, a conductor on the Wisconsin Central railroad, was mysteriously shot at his home in this city and was taken to Milwaukee by special train at once for surgical aid. The wounded man refuses to make any statement regarding the shooting except to say that it was accidental. He is in a very critical condition.

**Suicide of a Young Lady.**

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., April 4.—About 8 o'clock in the evening Miss Annie Leon, aged 18, committed suicide by jumping off the bank above the Astoronga bridge into the Mohawk river. Her cloak was found on the bank and in one of the pockets was found a note to her mother, saying: "Forgive me." The body has not yet been recovered. No cause for the suicide is known.

**Warned by White Caps.**

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, Mass., April 4.—Ex-State Senator Edward J. Slattery is in receipt of a letter from the White Caps of Massachusetts ordering him to leave the state forthwith or suffer the consequences.

**Stone from Mount Calvary.**

NEW YORK, April 4.—The stone from Calvary which is to form the corner of Dr. Talmage's new tabernacle has arrived at Brooklyn on the steamer Giava. It is about 3 feet square and 10 inches thick and weighs nearly 325 pounds. Its color is dark red, and it looks very much like a piece of Canadian granite. The legend is that the stone is one upon which the Savior stepped while on His way to the cross. A box of relics accompanied the stone.

**Nine Hours Work and Ten Hours Pay.**

BOSTON, April 4.—James W. Tufts, manufacturer of soda water fountains, has notified his 450 employes that beginning on June 1 their work day will be reduced from ten to nine hours without any reduction of wages, and that extra time will be paid for pro rata.

## THE LOUISVILLE CYCLONE.

**A Review of the Situation After the Lapse of One Week.**

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 5.—One week has now elapsed since the tornado, and the city is rapidly recuperating from its effects. The work of repairing the wrecked district is going vigorously forward and that portion of the city is a bee hive of carpenters, masons and laborers. Business has resumed its regular channels. The danger of a water famine from the destruction of the standpipe at the water works has been averted by the substitution of a temporary apparatus which has been working satisfactorily for two days. An exaggerated impression has gone abroad as to the extent of the district devastated. Except in the direct track of the whirling tornado, no damage was done and nineteen-twentieths of the city is unharmed. In fact, outside the cyclone's path the storm was not one of unusual severity.

**But Seventy-Six Lives Lost.**

There is no suffering for food or for shelter, but many poor people who lost their homes will require money to rebuild. Louisville people are subscribing liberally, but will not be able to meet all the demands upon their liberality. While Louisville is not soliciting aid from the outside, voluntary subscriptions from other cities will be gratefully received and usefully applied. Only two or three of the wounded by the cyclone have since died and the list of deaths is only seventy-six, a gratifying reduction from the wild reports the first day that hundreds were killed. The Union depot will be rebuilt on a larger scale and the tobacco district will be built up better than it was before. None of the public buildings in the city were damaged in the least.

## THE TORNADO ONCE MORE.

**It Sweeps Through a Portion of Illinois and Georgia.**

GALENA, Ills., April 4.—A genuine tornado passed over this city about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, coming from the southwest. It was accompanied by a deluging rain and a fearful rumbling noise, which caused great fright among the people. The full extent of the damage is not known. As far as reported it includes the blowing down of many sign boards, the partial destruction of Armbruster & Ross' furniture factory, the unroofing of several houses in that locality, and the wrecking of the smokestack of the Galena boot and shoe factory. On the hills in east and west Galena fences were leveled and trees were uprooted. No lives were lost and no person injured, but many miraculous escapes are reported.

**Severe Storm at Arkansas City.**

ARKANSAS CITY, April 4.—A severe storm of wind and rain prevailed at Arkansas City and nearly every house is flooded to a depth of ten or twelve feet. Two churches and three or four residences were blown from their foundations. Government boats are bringing colored families and their goods from the opposite side of the river where they have been driven out of their homes by the flood, several hunderd of such refugees now being housed in a large building in Arkansas City that has been secured by Capt. Tollinger, of the government service, for the purpose.

**In Upson County, Ga.**

GRIFFEN, Ga., April 4.—A tornado passed over Upson county Wednesday night. In Thomaston the store of A. G. West, Sherman's millinery establishment, and buildings belonging to J. F. Mathews and M. H. Sandwich were blown down. In its tracks through the country the ground was swept as if by a steam brush, and the crops will have to be replanted.

## LIVED TO BE 100 YEARS OLD.

**The Oldest Person in Central Illinois Dies at Bloomington.**

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., April 4.—Mrs. Elizabeth Price, the oldest person in central Illinois, died Thursday. She was born Dec. 29, 1790, and was in her 100th year. Her 99th birthday was celebrated by her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren at the home of her daughter, Mrs. K. H. Fell, in Normal. Her death was sudden and unexpected. She was a native of Chester county, Pa. She drew a pension for her husband's service in the war of 1812. Franklin Price, chief book keeper in the office of the general passenger agent of the Chicago and Northwestern railway in Chicago, is her son.

**Frightful Death of an Invalid.**

PATERSON, N. J., April 4.—Mrs. Carrie Young, aged 40 years, was found dead in her room on North West street, in this city. The woman had been ill for several days, and was visited and cared for until a late hour at night by friends. When discovered in the morning her body was lying in the center of the room burned almost to a crisp. Beside it was a broken lamp. She had left her bed and attempted to walk with the lamp in her hand, when being overcome by weakness, she fell and her clothing caught fire, and she was slowly roasted to death. The floor was very little burned.

**The Comte of Paris in Mexico.**

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., April 4.—A lady who has just returned from an extensive trip into the interior of Mexico, states that at Monterey, on Sunday last, she saw the Comte and Comtesse of Paris. They were traveling strictly incog, but had a tremendous retinue and much baggage. They are supposed to have landed at Vera Cruz.

**Jay Gould Reported Ill.**

ST. LOUIS, April 4.—It is reported here that Jay Gould is seriously ill again, and that his stay in Mexico is to be prolonged almost indefinitely. He is troubled with a return of his old nervous spells, and the stories given out about the important deals he is arranging are regarded as pure fiction.

**Will Work with the Other Unions.**

PITTSBURG, April 4.—The executive board of the United Mine Workers of America met here Thursday afternoon for the purpose of deciding on the policy of the new organization. It was decided to work for a reduction of the hours of labor on lines laid down by other organizations.

**Mike Cleary Knocked Out.**

NEW ORLEANS, La., April 4.—The Times-Democrat's Hot Springs special says that Mike Cleary was knocked out in the first round by Ed Smith, the Denver champion, in a contest with four-ounce gloves.

**Pension for Mrs. Hartranft.**

WASHINGTON CITY, April 1.—The senate committee on pensions has reported to the senate favorably the bill granting a pension of $100 a month to the widow of the late Gen. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania.

**Awarded Heavy Damages.**

PARIS, April 1.—In the suit of Gibbs & Sons against the Societe Des Metaux, a verdict has been returned in favor of the plaintiffs, awarding them 1,018,600 francs damages and the costs of the action.

# THE HENNEPIN CANAL.

## Hon. Jerry Murphy Argues for an Appropriation.

### ADVANTAGES OF THE WATERWAY.

**The All-Important Link Needed in the Long Chain of Inland Navigation—The Benefit to Agriculture and Commerce—A Pathetic Incident of Injustice Just Brought to Light—Illegal Issue of a Land Patent—Capital Cullings.**

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 8.—An extended and forcible argument in favor of a government appropriation for the building of the Hennepin canal was made before the river and harbor committee of the house by Jerry H. Murphy, the long time advocate of the project. Nearly all of the Illinois congressmen and many other western congressmen were present. Mr. Murphy reviewed the steps heretofore taken in the efforts to establish this great project, and set forth the overwhelming indorsements of the enterprise of statesmen, legislative bodies, conventions, and others since 1845, when John C. Calhoun, "that strict constructionist," presided over a convention at Memphis which adopted a resolution declaring that the project of connecting the Mississippi river with the lakes of the north by a canal, and thus with the Atlantic ocean, was a measure worthy of the consideration of congress.

**The Agricultural Interests.**

Mr. Murphy said: "We all know that the arbitrary rule that fixes prices is demand and supply, and remember there is no protection, high or low tariff, that aids or assists the honest farmer in finding a market or fixing the prices for his surplus products. Hence the question is if you national legislators are so anxious and willing to protect the manufacturers, why are you not equally willing to aid and guard with zealous care the agricultural interests of this country? For you all know the farmer has been the greatest factor in the commercial success and prosperity of this nation, and will continue to be it right and justice is done him. Yes, the greatest factor, because they have produced 80 per cent. of all our exports during the last sixty years. While all other interests combined export only one-fifth as much as the farmers, they each and all of them have received five times as much care, aid, and protection from the law and the law-makers."

**Behind the Times.**

He submitted many figures to show that the United States had done less to improve her waterways in the interest of commerce than England, France, Russia, Germany, Holland, Sweden, or Austria. The importance of the Hennepin canal for defensive purposes in time of war was also elaborately set forth. He read a communication from S. V. Benet, brigadier general chief of ordnance of the government, in which that official says:

"There can be no doubt that the all-water communication connecting the upper Mississippi river with Lake Michigan at or near Chicago is as necessary for defensive purposes on the lakes as it will be for commercial purposes, and as valuable to the country at large as that artery of commerce, the Erie canal. The Hennepin canal is the all-important link needed in the long chain of inland navigation which will virtually make the country east of the Mississippi river an island, with the gulf, ocean, lakes and rivers as its boundaries. An easy and safe debouch into the upper lakes through the Hennepin canal will, with the Erie canal, solve the problem of supplying that frontier with all war and navy material of large weight and bulk to give us control of the lakes. Indeed, the obstruction or destruction of the Erie canal—the first step in case of hostilities—would render the Hennepin an absolute necessity, free from disturbance or attack."

**Benefits To Be Derived.**

Speaking of what the canal would do for agriculture and commerce, Mr. Murphy said:

"I make the statement, and challenge investigation, that if the government, through its representatives, will do its duty and construct this canal there will be a saving of at least 4 cents per bushel over present railroad rates now charged from the Mississippi river to the lakes. And the saving of 4 cents per bushel on the surplus grain of Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota and Wisconsin will amount annually to $20,884,079, enough to build this canal three times, and not including in this estimate other products of western tonners that would amount to millions more."

## MAJ. BELGER'S CASE.

**An Incident of Injustice to a Worthy Soldier of the Union.**

WASHINGTON CITY, April 8.—A very pathetic story of prolonged injustice in regard to a gallant army officer from New York state is disclosed in documents made public for the first time. They accompany a report of the senate committee on military affairs on a bill proposing to retire Maj. Belger, United States army, with the rank of colonel, to which he would have been entitled except for the arbitrary and unjust action of Secretary Stanton.

**Tried on Newspaper Charges.**

Belger entered the army in 1832 as a private, and by merit rose through all the grades, until at the breaking out of the war he was captain and acting major of the quartermaster's department stationed at Baltimore. In 1863 a Philadelphia newspaper published charges against him, and on those charges, which were afterward disavowed by the newspaper making them, Secretary Stanton ordered him court-martialed. Gen. Schenck protested against the injustice of this action in the strongest way, but Stanton had imbibed one of his strong prejudices, which neither reason nor argument could remove.

**Dismissed by Stanton.**

The court acquitted Belger, but Stanton, on his own motion, dismissed him from the army. In 1871 an act of congress restored him to the rank of major, but the senate bill proposes to give him the rank and pay of colonel, which he would have received in 1863 but for Stanton's act. Belger is now in Garfield hospital, aged and helpless.

**A Sinuous Land Patent Case.**

WASHINGTON CITY, April 8.—Secretary Noble has rendered an opinion upon the report of the board appointed by the commissioner of the general land office to examine into the facts and circumstances concerning the illegal issue of a land patent dated Nov. 20, 1869, to Thomas Reed for 112 acres of mineral land in the Duluth land district of Minnesota. The patent was for very valuable land, and was issued at a time when the question of ownership was pending before the secretary. Gen. Noble says that W. B. Douglass, the clerk who approved the entry, neglected his plain duty, and must be dismissed from the service, and that J. M. Townsend, land office recorder, is also culpable, while the attorneys who engineered the matter are guilty of unprofessional practice. The patent will be cancelled.

**Lawler Changed His Vote.**

WASHINGTON CITY, April 8.—Frank Lawler, by changing his vote, defeated the dependent pension bill, which the Republicans attempted to pass under suspension of the rules. On the first roll-call the yeas were 171 and the nays 85, making one more than the necessary two-thirds majority which was required to pass the measure. Several Democrats voted in favor of the bill, and one Republican—Moore of New Hampshire—voted against it, but when it was discovered that the bill had passed Wilkinson of Louisiana, and Lawler of Illinois changed their votes from yea to nay and made the result, years 169 and nays 87, or three less than the necessary two-thirds.

## LATE CYCLONE NEWS.

**Harper's Ferry, Henry County, Kentucky, Almost Wiped Out.**

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 8.—It is just learned here that Harper's Ferry, Henry county, was almost completely destroyed by the tornado. The village, composed of less than two dozen houses, is a considerable distance from any railroad. The houses were not far apart, and every one of them directly in the course of the tornado. Men, women and children were buried beneath the ruins. Not a house remained standing, and the whole surrounding country was covered with wreckage. Mrs. Laura Thomas, the wife of a farmer, was found dead by the side of a large tree, about a hundred yards from her home. An infant child of a farmer named Fletcher was found beneath the ruins of its father's residence smothered to death. Seven or eight were injured badly, but none fatally.

**A Cyclone at Prophetstown, Ills.**

CLINTON, Iowa, April 8.—A heavy storm at Prophetstown, Ills., Monday night blew down the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy depot and unroofed an elevator. Several houses were also blown down. Several persons were injured but no lives were lost. The telegraph wires are all down and only meagre reports are obtainable.

**Fired Into a Passenger Train.**

FRANKFORT, Ky., April 8.—Albin Barnes and George Stephens fired into a passenger train on the Kentucky and South Atlantic, leading from Mount Sterling up into the mountains, and killed Will Barnes and Kelly B. Day. The double murder occurred at a place called Chambers Station, about ten miles east of Mount Sterling. Day was an innocent victim of a shot aimed at Barnes. Almost eleven years ago Will Barnes, who is a cousin of Albin Barnes, killed a man named Stephens, the brother of the George Stephens named above. It was a cold-blooded murder, and Will Barnes was sentenced to life-imprisonment for it. He was afterward pardoned by Governor Blackburn.

**The Troubles of Moses Fraley.**

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 8.—Moses Fraley is once more in financial trouble. He has been the heaviest short in May wheat in this market for a month and the course of the market proved too much for him. A failure to respond to margin calls was the first intimation the trade had that he was in trouble. While it was not a failure in the strict sense of the word, it was very close to it. He had laid down on his contracts, as he had done twice before, refusing to carry them any further. Mr. Fraley is said to be short at least 2,000,000 bushels in his transactions in futures, while the amount of margins which he was called upon to put up was $210,000.

**Buried the Hatchet.**

HARLAN COURT HOUSE, Ky., April 8.—The Howard-Turner feud, that has made the name of Harlan county a synonym for lawlessness and has caused oceans of blood to flow, has come to an end. The Spurlocks, Days and others, representing both the Howard and Turner factions, held a powpow, and both sides agreed to suspend hostilities and forever bury the hatchet. It was also mutually agreed that should any more "bushwhacking" take place both sides would turn out and hunt the assassin down.

**European Workmen Organizing.**

GENEVA, April 8.—At a meeting held at Olten at which there were present 347 delegates, representing 120,000 workmen, resolutions were adopted providing for the formation of trades unions, associations for the aid of the sick and a system of insurance against accident. Resolutions were also adopted calling for certain amendments to the factory laws now existing which will tend to make them more favorable to the laboring classes.

**Still Another Victim.**

CHICAGO, April 8.—Still another victim of the sugar refinery explosion died Tuesday morning at the county hospital. He was Hans Thorp, who was badly burned. It was not anticipated that he would live as long as he did, but to every one's surprise he lingered until Tuesday morning. This makes the twelfth man who was killed by the explosion.

**Knows How It Was Over Here.**

LONDON, April 8.—The correspondent of The Times at Alexandria says that Stanley condemns the British East Africa company for allowing American and Russian sportsmen to exhaust for mere pleasure the preserves of their territory. It would be far better to allow Germany to control the district. She would at least prevent buccaneering.

**Perished in the Flames.**

AVOCA, Iowa, April 8.—The farm residence of J. H. Porter was consumed by fire at 3 o'clock in the morning. The family escaped in their night clothes, but John Beatty, aged 12 years, perished in the flames. Men who attempted to rescue the boy had their hair and whiskers burned off. The loss on house was $1,200; partially insured.

**Election at Hartford, Conn.**

HARTFORD, Conn., April 8.—Henry C. Dwight (Rep.) was elected mayor of this city Monday by 105 plurality. The city government is Republican on joint ballot by a majority of one. This was the first city election under the secret ballot law. The polls closed at 5 o'clock, and the result was known before 9.

**Death of Banker Morgan.**

NEW YORK, April 8.—A private dispatch from Monte Carlo announces the death, at that place, of Junius S. Morgan, the senior member of the banking house of J. S. Morgan & Co., of London. Mr. Morgan was thrown from his carriage last week, and died Tuesday from his injuries.

**Ruined by the Claasen Deal.**

NEW YORK, April 8.—The Equitable bank will wind up its affairs. It has made no money since the bank wrecking episode some time ago.

## $10,000 FOUND IN AN ASH BARREL.

A New York rag-picker is reported to have found $10,000 in greenbacks in an ash barrel. This was a rare piece of good luck, but how much more fortunate is the sufferer from consumption who learns that, although the doctors may have pronounced his case hopeless, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure him. Consumption is a scrofulous disease of the lungs. The "Discovery," which is the most potent blood-purifier of the age, strikes right at the root of the evil and there is no resisting it, if taken in time and given a fair trial. In the cure of all scrofulous and other blood taints, no matter from what cause arising, scalp diseases, old sores and swellings, it absolutely has no equal.

Thoroughly cleanse and enrich the blood, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits and bodily vigor and health will be established.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is the only blood and lung remedy, sold by druggists, and *guaranteed* by its manufacturers, to do all that it is claimed to accomplish, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Manufacturers, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

**$500 OFFERED** for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. This infallible remedy does not, like the poisonous irritating snuffs, "creams" and strong caustic solutions with which the public have long been humbugged, simply palliate for a short time, *or drive the disease to the lungs*, as there is danger of doing in the use of such nostrums, but *it produces* **perfect and permanent cures of the worst cases of Chronic Catarrh,** as thousands can testify. **"Cold in the Head"** is cured with a few applications. **Catarrhal Headache** is relieved and cured as if by magic. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, smell or hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are. By druggists, 50 cents.


## LIABILITIES OVER $1,000,000.

**Probability That Plummers' Creditors Will Not Get a Cent.**

NEW YORK, April 5.—It is now reported that the liabilities of John F. Plummer will reach over $1,000,000, and that the creditors will probably not get a cent. The first reports were that Mr. Plummer could not possibly pay 15 cents on the dollar to the unsecured creditors. This was a startler to the dry goods district, but it was a trifle compared with the amazement when the report was given out on good authority that the unsecured creditors would not get a cent. This later report was supplemented by another stating that Mr. Joseph H. Choate, Mr. Plummer's counsel, had thrown up the case when he discovered the true situation.

**No Statement of Affairs Ready.**

Among the creditors are several banks in this city holding unsecured papers amounting to $300,000. The assignee refuses to talk and Mr. Plummer is equally reticent. The assignee of John F. Plummer & Co. denies the published statement that the assets have been found to be practically nothing, and that Joseph H. Choate has withdrawn as counsel for Mr. Plummer on that account. The assignee is not yet ready, however, to give an exact statement of the firm's affairs.

## CYCLONIC HAVOC IN ILLINOIS.

**Metropolis Loses $80,000 and Grand Tower Is Destitute.**

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 5.—Adjutant General Vance, who was sent to southern Illinois by the governor to investigate the extent of the damage done by the cyclone, reports the damage at Metropolis at $80,000 and upon property in that vicinity at $30,000. Fifty houses were destroyed at Metropolis and as many others damaged. The injured are being properly cared for, but funds are needed. The work of rebuilding has commenced. At Grand Tower the condition is reported as much more serious. The sufferers have not even temporary necessary shelter, and have lost everything. They need money and clothing.

**Death of an Illinois Pioneer.**

HIGHLAND, Ills., April 5.—Jacob Eggen, aged 86, died suddenly Friday afternoon of a paralytic stroke. He was one of the pioneer settlers of Madison county. In 1830 he organized a colony in Switzerland, which came here and founded what was then called New Switzerland, at present Highland. When he arrived here he embarked in the bakery trade, then as a distiller and later in pottery. When the Mexican war broke out he organized a company of artillery, and was soon promoted to commander of the battalion. After the close of the war he returned here, and was instrumental in building the first public school and first church here.

**The Northern Oil Regions.**

WINNIPEG, Man., April 5.—The dominion government will shortly organize an expedition headed by American experts to explore the oil regions in the far north, near Athabasca. Professor Dawson, who passed through the territory, says: "If the indications of oil are correct, Canada has the largest oil-bearing district in the world, comprising nearly 150,000 square miles, and as the indications extend down the Mackenzie river below Athabasca the above area may only be a part of the oil-bearing country. Some of the lakes and rivers in the north are covered to a depth of several inches with oil which has exuded from the banks."

**Arbor Day in Illinois.**

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 5.—Governor Fifer has issued his proclamation designating Friday, May 16, as Arbor Day. The proclamation concludes: "I do most earnestly recommend that the people of this commonwealth lay aside their usual vocations and unite in a general observance of the day by planting vines, trees, and shrubs about our homes, along our highways, around our school houses, in our parks, and other public grounds, to the end that our state may be beautified and enriched and the health, comfort, and happiness of our people increased."

**Peculiar Suit for Damages.**

OLNEY, Ills., April 5.—George W. Haskell has brought suit in the circuit court for $5,000 damages against Col. W. E. Alcorn because the latter spat in the face of Mr. Haskell in a moment of anger. The prominence and wealth of Col. Alcorn, and the fact that once before, in the year 1874, he committed a similar offense, for which he paid a judgment of $1,000 to A. J. Mitchell of this city and other costs amounting to $2,000, add interest to the suit.

**Just Reached Port in Time.**

HALIFAX, N. S., April 5.—The German steamer Utopia, from Mediterranean ports via Gibraltar bound for New York, arrived Friday short of coal, after a passage of nineteen days. Heavy westerly gales and high seas prevailed all the way. Coming a southerly course she met no ice. She has 513 steerage passengers, and the last bullock on board had been killed and nearly all used, and they were on the last barrel of flour when she reached here.

**Will Shut Down the Mill.**

AUGUSTA, Me., April 7.—Owing to the exceedingly low price of yarn and the high price of raw cotton, the Kennebec River Cotton mill at Hallowell will shut down as soon as the stock on hand has been consumed, which will be in about ten days. The plant needs improvement and it is doubtful if the mill will be started again under the present owners.

**Conflagration at Theresa, N. Y.**

WATERTOWN, N. Y., April 5.—The business section of the village of Theresa, about twenty miles from this city, was entirely destroyed by fire Saturday morning. Forty-two buildings were burned, involving a loss of something like $150,000 to $300,000. About twenty of the buildings were dwellings, and the remainder were stores and shops.

**A Society to Instruct the North.**

ATLANTA, Ga., April 5.—A Northern society is being formed here for social purposes and to aid in spreading correct ideas in the north as to the state of industrial and social affairs in the south. About 100 northern born citizens attended the preliminary meeting yesterday at the chamber of commerce.

**The Iowa Local Option Bill.**

DES MOINES, Iowa, April 5.—The house has by a vote of 51 to 49 decided to indefinitely postpone the local option bill. Every Republican and Ewart, Independent, voted for postponement. This settles the fact that prohibition will continue in Iowa at least two years.

**Jay Gould Not Sick.**

NEW YORK, April 5.—George Gould was seen in regard to the report from St. Louis that Jay Gould was again sick. Young Mr. Gould said there was no truth in the report and that he had just received a telegram from his father in which he said he was well.

**Fashions in Spoons.**

Spoons are assuming individuality. People who are fastidious are beginning to discriminate between them according to their decorations for different courses at table almost as carefully as they do between their chinas.—New York Mail and Express.

# THE CITIZEN.

**JOHN F. FINERTY,**
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, APRIL 12 1890.


AMUSEMENTS

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the comtag week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — Henry E. Dixey.

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—"The Two Sisters."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Boston Ideals.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—W. J. Scanlon.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Herrmann.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Robert Downing.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Streets of New York."

JACOB'S CLARK STREET THEATRE.
Corner of North Clark and Kinzie Streets—"A Bunch of Keys."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—Corinne in "Woman Against Woman."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"P. H."—The Rev. Jas. Keegan, of St. Louis, understands old Irish better than any one on this continent. He takes more interest in the ancient literature of Ireland and knows more about it than any man on this side of the Atlantic. You are right in thinking it very strange that the educated classes of the Irish should esteem their ancient and magnificent literature so little. When one considers the sort of journals the Irish have been reading for more than a century, and the sort of leaders they have been following, it is no wonder they should esteem their ancient literature and their native language so little.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

## ILLINOIS REPUBLICANS NEED A LEADER.

It is evident from the result of the recent municipal elections in this city that the Republican party, in a local sense, is demoralized and needs thorough organization. Too much United Order of Deputy and Patriotic Son business has produced temporary debility. The party needs a vigorous head in this city, and must kick fools, knaves and bigots out of its ranks. Its principles are all right, in themselves, but the party, too often, loads itself down with far-fetched theories. A return to practical politics is about the only policy that can save the Republicans in this city, county and state. The loss of the latter would, most likely, be fatal to the national supremacy of the party. One of the troubles with the Republican party in this city is the immodest spectacle of the little men forcing themselves to the front. This might do under ordinary circumstances, but the existing circumstances are extraordinary. Illinois trembles in the balance. Next fall will decide the fortunes of the state, in a political sense, and, to use an expression, worn not alone threadbare, but also full of holes, the eyes of the country will be fixed upon it. What with petty squabbling, envious factions, and idiotic bigotry, the Republican party has been brought to a pretty pass in Chicago and Cook county. So demoralized has the policy of the party become that a Democratic "boss" has more show with a certain class of "Republican" officials than a straight member of "the grand old party."

THE CITIZEN does not blame the Democrats to take advantage of Republican weakness and venality, but it blames Republicans for being weak and venal. How can a party hope to succeed when it looks for allies in the camp of its enemies? How can it hope to succeed when it ignores the American constitution and allows paltry bigots to dictate its nominations? How can it hope to succeed when a certain number of its alleged members go to the polls with daggers whetted for the disemboweiment of their party candidates?

The Democrats, very naturally, look upon the Republican state of chaos with infinite glee. They see looming upon the horizon, owing to local Republican narrowness and idiocy, a Democratic legislature, a Democratic senator and a Democratic president. Behind these stalks Free Trade. No wonder the Democrats laugh and hold high carnival. No wonder that they have already more than recovered the spirit that was well nigh broken by the sweeping Republican victory of 1888. The Republican theorists and bigots have estranged or driven backward the elements that made the victory of '88 memorable in American history. Illinois is menaced at every point. There is a wooden horse within its gates, ridden by the Ancient Order of Deputies, and manned by the moral lepers who prefer Knownothingism to American equality and brotherhood. Well may the Republican party say to the traitors, "Let them be anathema."

## THE "ROMISH" VERSUS THE "ROAMISH" CHURCH.

The following letter, headed "Intemperate Attacks," evidently written by some American Protestant who is well "posted" on the principles of Methodism, appeared in the Chicago *Tribune* of last Saturday:

CHICAGO, April 1.—Although I lean towards the Methodists I must take exception to the remarks of some of the ministers of my denomination at their meeting on Monday, when they assailed the Roman Catholic church with what struck me as unnecessary vehemence. I confess that I cannot see why any Methodist should feel specially called on to attack the Mother of Churches. It never laid its hand on any of its ancestors. It made no Methodist martyrs. But were he a Presbyterian or a Congregationalist I could understand how the remembrances of the saints of old who were grievously persecuted should stir him even to this day.

I can see, too, why Baptists, Lutherans, and the members of similar churches with democratic forms of government might pour out the vials of their wrath on that which is chief among the hierarchical ones. But the methods of the Romish church are in many respects similar to those of Wesley's communion. It is natural it should be so. The Church of England is a daughter of the Roman church, differing at the outset only on the question of papal supremacy in England. Methodism is the child of Episcopalianism and the grandchild of Catholicism. In its features are discernible the lineaments of its parents. In all three churches there are bishops, priests, and laymen, and power comes from the top. In other churches, the laymen rule, in these the clergy. Of late the Methodist laymen have been admitted to some slight share in church government. But reflect how absolute, up to a short time ago, was the rule of the Methodist bishop over the minister. No Romish bishop had greater power.

So, as the Methodist church takes after its grandmother in many respects in creed and discipline, it is not exactly in good taste for the former to gird at and abuse the latter. Supposing that the venerable dame of Rome has old fashioned ways which the granddaughter feels inclined to laugh at. Suppose her costumes are of antique cut. Suppose she has not all the modern improvements in creeds. Still, why laugh at her? It is as irreverent as it would be for Methodism to make fun of Episcopalianism that honorable church of which John Wesley was a distinguished member. The ways of the mother seem sometimes a little stiff and bigoted; her prayers a little formal. But the same blood flows in the veins of each, and it looks ill for relations to be abusing one another. Episcopalianism is reformed Catholicism and Methodism is reformed Episcopacy.

Let the disciples of Luther, Knox, and Calvin hang away at the Romish church as much as they please. They have hereditary grudges, and transmitted hates, and old persecutions to remember. But there is no reason why the followers of Wesley should take up a fight not their own. They may not love their grandmotner but they should not blackguard her.

LIBERALIST.

THE CITIZEN would add that the Mother of Churches, as the writer of the foregoing letter calls the Roman Catholic church, can stand the concentrated fire of all the other religions, whether Protestant, Mohamedan or Pagan together, without budging an inch. She may be Romish, but she never roams the breadth of a line from her original position. All of the Protestant churches do. Therefore they may be called the roaming off, or roamish, churches. The Greek church may be called the roaming off (Romanoff) and the Protestant the Roamish church. "Romish" is badly made up anyhow, as a vowel has to be eliminated in order to make the limping word euphonious. But Roamish is all right. Henceforth, let all the wandering creeds be called the Roamish church. The name absolutely fits them. THE CITIZEN does not pretend to be an adept in theology or in church government, but it prefers to take its religion from a recognized head, and its discipline, in spiritual matters, from the concentrated wisdom of a great church, which has fixed rules from which no communicant can depart without bearing the penalty of disobedience. The Catholic church is a regular army, well officered and admirably ordered. The Protestant church—by which is meant all the different and differing creeds bearing the general designation of Protestant—is a combination of militia organizations, all dressed in ever varying uniforms, all quarreling with one another, all more or less uncertain whether to believe in God or in materialism, all on the ragged edge about the existence of a hell, all frightfully unsteady under infidel, or Ingersollian, fire, and all seeking, with nervous and uncertain aim to strike the regular Roman Catholic army, which laughs at their awkward movements, in some vital point. God knows very much more, the nonconformists claim, about the whole business of the hereafter than all the churches, Catholic and Protestant, united; but the Catholic church claims that He directs her, and no second-hand church, from the days of Luther to our own, has been able to "jump" her claim.

As nothing in this world can progress or prosper without a head, so is the cause of the eternal wrangling of the Protestant churches among each other explained. Their ministers, disheartened by the failure of a half hearted orthodoxy, day by day slip off into the byways of unbelief, or else become dreamy platitudinarians, eccentric lecturers, emotional preachers or barren essayists. A "liberal" church is an anomoly. We might as well have a liberal army system, or a liberal prison system. Discipline must be maintained—either that or chaos.

THE CITIZEN does not believe that all Protestants will be damned, or that all Catholics, unless they are strictly good, will be saved. It is a lay paper, not given to religious discussion, but, as the thing is in the air, let every medium of public opinion have its say. Either there is a God or men are nothing. Either there is a heaven or life is a mockery. Either there is a hell or the good might as well be of evil hearts and take all their pleasure, in the gratification of animal appetites, out on this earth. The Catholic church teaches that there is a God, who is Lord and Master of everything, and it teaches its children to believe in and to love Him. It also teaches of a heaven, which is to be the reward of the faithful, and does so in no uncertain manner. It further teaches that there is a hell, with a good strong fire raging for the chastisement of those who do evil. All this is logical, and has been consistently maintained, from the Day of the Resurrection to this day. That is the true method. A church that has one creed today and another tomorrow only succeeds in disgusting its votaries. And because the Catholic church has been consistent, and stands by what the Divine founder of Christianity taught, she is assailed by those whose self-love could not brook restraint, or whose egotistical natures lead them to make creeds not fitted to the infinite measure of God's purpose, but to their own finite conceptions. In any contest with the great strong church, which sticks to its creed, without fear and without compromise, the weaker sects must share the fate of all who assail the invulnerable. The "gates of hell" have not prevailed against the church, with which God is always present. How then can the vagaries of pinchbeck Luthers hope to succeed?

## A TALENTED IRISH ACTOR.

Mr. W. J. Scanlan will appear at Hooley's Theatre in this city on the 13th inst. Mr. Scanlan is known all over America; he is certainly one of the greatest delineators of Irish character now on the American stage. He was as warmly received in Ireland during his recent visit to that country as ever Barney Williams was thirty-five years ago when the immense Theatre Royal of Dublin used to be crowded from pit to gallery, and when hundreds were unable to find even standing room. The play in which Mr. Scanlan will appear on Sunday evening next is called "Myles Aroon." This charming Irish drama was never played in Chicago, and there is no doubt that it will be a great success. The New York *Herald* says of "Myles Aroon:"

"The scent of the heather is on 'Myles Aroon' it sparkles with wit as the dew dripping copse glances under the matin sun. Through its scenes there flows an air, sweet, refreshing as that rising from the clover-flecked meadows of eventide. How its simple humor and honest pathos touched the heart of the huge audience at the Fourteenth Street Theatre last evening! Of course Scanlan's magnetic personality had a good deal to do with the hit that the play scored. It is positively a marvel—the hold that fellow has on his audience. They shout themselves hoarse every time he steps on the stage. The merest platitude from his merry lips brings a laugh, a song sets the people to rapturous applause. From first to last he is absolute master of the situation. A fig for the rules of art when a man has the quality of fascination to his finger tips."

## PROSPECTS OF HOME RULE.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick" is an old and well known proverb. It was hoped six years ago that home rule would ere now be an accomplished fact, and that Ireland would at least have mastery over matters of a purely domestic and non-political nature.

But home rule has not yet come. It would not, perhaps, be correct to say that it is as far away as ever, but it does, unfortunately, still seem somewhat distant. Endeavoring to look on the matter with the least possible amount of one-sidedness, and divesting ourselves of all enthusiasm about home rule, it has to be admitted that the prospects of its becoming a law are every day growing brighter. That the brightness is coming slowly, very slowly, has to be admitted; but coming it is, beyond any manner of doubt.

Fully two thirds of the by-elections held in England, Scotland and Wales within the last year or two, have gone for home rule; that is to say, representatives were elected who were known to be in favor of a separate parliament for Ireland. Scotland and Wales have at almost every election held within their borders since 1885, spoken in favor of Irish legislative independence with no uncertain voice, and even more strongly than at the last general elections. London seems to be the great stronghold of Toryism; and it is natural enough that it should be; for London shopkeepers look on the aristocracy as their natural patrons; and the great mass of the English aristocracy are the strongest enemies of even that modicum of national independence which home rule would give to Ireland. But the people of the rural districts of England are strongly tinged with republicanism; they know how generally bad the aristocracy are; besides it must be borne in mind that not only the masses of the English people, but the masses in every country of Europe, are every day becoming more republican in their ideas, and more restive under monarchic institutions.

This growing republicanism of the European masses became manifest genera. tions ago. In 1847-8 it set Europe in a blaze; but after its disasters in France and Germany, it rapidly subsided. It was not until the success of the French republic became manifest, that republicanism again took hold on the European masses. The late revolution in Brazil, its extraordinarily peaceful nature, and so far, its complete success, have had a profound effect on European peoples of every country. The English masses have not looked carelessly on the revolution in Brazil; it is right to suppose that they have been profoundly affected by it, and to suppose that at the next general election, which cannot be now far off, they will vote much more generally for home rule than they have up to the present. With the increase of republican ideas among the English masses, it is reasonable to expect that they will, at the next general election, cast many more votes for home rule than they did in 1885. The prospects, therefore, for at least some sort of legislative independence for Ireland, seem brighter than is generally supposed.

There seems every probability that Scotland and Wales will, at the next general election, go even more overwhelmingly for home rule than they did in 1885. Those countries want legislative independence for themselves, and they know that nothing can better help them to get it than for Ireland to get it first.

## "WHY THE FARMER IS NOT PROSPEROUS."

The above is the heading of one of the best economic articles that has ever appeared in an American magazine. It may be seen in *The Forum* for April. The article is by Mr. C. Wood Davis, and ought to be read by every American farmer. THE CITIZEN does not know what political party Mr. Davis belongs to; he does not say anything about politics in the article under notice; he merely shows that politics have had very little to do with the present condition of the agricultural classes in this country; and that if our farmers are not making money as fast as they would wish, and if they are not as prosperous now as they were twenty years ago, the cause of their present unprosperous condition has not in the slightest degree been due to politics.

To prove beyond a shadow of doubt that neither protection nor republican rule can be held responsible for whatever the farmer suffers at present, it only needs to be shown that he has been more prosperous under the present political régime than ever he had been previously. No farmer can deny that from, say, 1866 to 1871 or 1872 or 1873, prices for all farming products were, generally speaking, higher than ever they had been before. When protection did not hinder the farmer from being prosperous during the first ten years of high tariff, how in the name of common sense can it be charged with ruining him now when the tariff is not nearly so high as it was during the ten years after the close of the war? If any sensible farmer will study the question contained in the last sentence, he will at once see that it is nothing but pure *cussedness* that makes the ruck of free-trade, pro-British sheets set up an everlasting howl about the high tariff having ruined the farmer.

What Mr. Davis has proved in his article is that farming is not so profitable as it was twenty years ago because the amount of food produced, not only in America but almost all over the world, has become too great for the wants of humanity; in other words, the increase of population has not kept pace with the increase in the production of food; consequently food has become cheap, and the farmer suffers. He has had to struggle not only against an over production of food in America, but against the over production in new countries almost all over the world, such as South America, Australia, and Manitoba, countries that as food producers, have come into competition with him only during the last ten or fifteen years. Added to the competition of new countries as food producers during the last decade or so, the American farmer has had the extreme cheapness of ocean freights against him. Wheat and meat can be sent to England from South America or Australia today for about one-third of the cost that they could have been sent thirty years ago. Farmers all over the world are suffering quite as much from low prices as the American farmer is; but the latter has the advantage of living in a country whose population is increasing faster than that of any other,—he has a better home market than any other farmer has, and that home market is becoming better every day; it is growing fast, and its growth is largely owing to that protective tariff which the half-knaves, half-simpletons that edit so many of our papers claim to be the sole cause of cheap wheat and pork! It is hardly possible to conceive of anything more idiotic than to claim that the tariff has caused the present low prices of farming products; yet there are many who think so, and they think so simply because they allow themselves to be led astray by some editors, whose only object is to help their party and abstain from telling truth.

## CONEYS' IRISH DICTIONARY.

THE CITIZEN has received a letter from Mr. P. H. Coney, attorney-at-law, Topeka, Kan., inquiring where Coneys' Irish Dictionary can be got. The book was published by Hodges & Smith, Grafton street, Dublin, in 1849. It is now out of print, but the original publishers would probably be able to procure a copy of it. The full name of the author was Thomas De Vere Coneys. He was, it is said, from the county Roscommon. His Irish dictionary is by far the best ever published. O'Reilly's dictionary contains three times as many words, many of which are, however, now obsolete. Coneys' dictionary is the only one ever published that gives the genitive cases and genders of nouns, the infinitive moods and themes, or roots, of verbs, and the comparative forms of adjectives. To a student of the Irish language, it is invaluable, and is worth more than all the other Irish dictionaries put together. It is also very correct, and it has been said by many eminent Gaelic scholars that there is hardly a mistake or a typographical error in it. It is a great pity that some enterprising Irish or Irish-American publisher does not bring out a new edition of it. It contains about 16,000 words, nine-tenths of which are in common use. It was intended to contain only the words contained in the Irish Bible, but it gives many words that are in every day use at present, but which are not found in the Irish version of the Scriptures.

The three principal Irish dictionaries that have been printed are Coneys', which is Irish-English; O'Reilly's, also Irish-English, and Foley's, which is English-Irish. Those three contain about 40,000 separate Irish words. There are many thousands of words in the old manuscripts which are not given in any of the dictionaries named. The great want that Gaelic students suffer is in not having a complete dictionary of the language brought out on the plan that Coneys' adopted, so that the genders of nouns and the roots of verbs could be found out at once, and without being obliged to hunt through perhaps hundreds of pages of Irish texts to find them out. It will be next to an impossibility for students of Gaelic to make good progress in it until a large dictionary on the Coneys' plan is brought out. Nothing could be better than Coneys' as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. It gives only about 16,000 words, and gives hardly any of the compound prepositions. O'Reilly's dictionary does not give any noun or verb inflections at all, and gives only very few of the genders.

What is wanted is an Irish-English and English-Irish dictionary compiled on the plan of Coneys', but containing all the words found in the modern Irish writers from the Four Masters and Keating down to the present. A dictionary containing *all* the words of the language would be so enormous and so expensive that it is useless to think about it at present; for it is said that there are about 20,000 words in old Irish that have become obsolete many centuries ago.

The publication of such a dictionary as the one spoken of in this article would be of infinite service to Ireland and the Celtic race all over the world. It would show that they did not lose sight of the literary and sentimental phase of their nationality even while striving to save themselves from physical sufferings. The world would see that a people who would subscribe funds to publish a great dictionary of their national speech, and at the same time carry on an unceasing battle for their very existence in their native land, was made of stuff that neither tyranny nor misfortune could conquer.

## KINDLY WORDS ON BOYLE O'REILLY

The New York *Sun* comes bravely out in defense of John Boyle O'Reilly against the editor of the *Dial*, published in Oakland, Cal. Mr. O'Reilly is lecturing on the Pacific slope, where he is attracting large audiences, as he does everywhere; but the *Dial* says some hard things of him as an orator, to which the New York *Sun* replies:

"The *Dial* is the name of a 'conservative weekly newspaper' recently established at Oakland, Cal. The editor appears to be a strongly individual and idiosyncratic sort of chap, and what he has to say is for the most part interesting.

"That distinguished patriot, poet, journalist, and man of genius, John Boyle O'Reilly of Boston, has been charming the people of the Pacific coast with his clean cut thoughts and refined oratory. He has failed, however, to please the editor of the *Dial*, who confesses disappointment in this temperately worded essay: 'The Hon. John Boyle O'Reilly, notwithstanding his undoubted abilities as an editor and a writer of ballads and graceful verse, cannot congratulate himself upon his oratorical abilities. If what he did at Oakland is a fair sample of his platform efforts, he contrasted very poorly with our own inestimable John P. Irish, who introduced him with rare grace, power, and beauty. His didactic method was strongly suggestive of the class-room manner of the specialist. The construction of his sentences was loose, and the whole fibre of the speech lacked that strength and compactness so admirable in introductions to great speeches. His emotion was in abeyance, and every hearer felt that the poetry of the man must have been spent in other forms of intellectual effort. A man should not expect to commend himself to the favor of his audience by ignoring all the methods and elements essential to effective popular speaking—fire, force, directness, simplicity. Nor should the mistake be made that success in some special form of literary work gives the warrant of success on the platform.'

"Has it occurred to the editor of our young contemporary near the Golden Gate that perhaps the trouble is wholly in his own standard of what constitutes effective popular speaking? We have never had the pleasure of listening to the gentleman alluded to as 'our inestimable John P. Irish,' but it is quite conceivable that Boyle O'Reilly's chief merit on the platform consists in the fact that as an orator he is all that the inestimable John P. Irish is.

"We have heard John Boyle O'Reilly speak, and hope to hear him again. We think that most men of cultivated intelligence will find in his manly, direct and simple eloquence no lack of fire and force. The highest expression of passionate thought does not always require the crazy gyrations common to the Zuandom windmills and certain orators who cannot be accused of keeping their emotions in abeyance.

"But this is merely a suggestion. We have heard O'Reilly, but have never heard the inestimable John P. Irish. The editor of the *Dial* has heard both.

THE annual "feis ceoil," or musical festival of the Gaelic Society, came off on Tuesday evening last at Steinway hall, New York. It was, as it always is, a great success. It could hardly help being such, for, with the exception of Patti, the greatest musical artists on American soil assisted at it; and among them Miss Inez Carusi, Mrs. Hun-King and Wm. Ludwig took foremost place. Those entertainments do infinite good to the Irish race, and should be encouraged by everyone and in every manner. Chicago should lose no time in following the good example that New York and Philadelphia have set her in the matter of annual Celtic musical festivals.

*Table Talk* for April is an unusually good number of that charming periodical. Every article in it is well worth perusal. It is a family magazine from which old and young can get information on the most useful subjects. *Table Talk* is probably without a rival in America. One of the greatest mistakes that editors of periodicals make is in accepting articles that are too long. It would take a person of great patience and no small amount of leisure to wade through some of the articles "served up" in some of our contemporay periodicals; but in *Table Talk* they are about the right length.

### The O'Gorman Mahon.

On Tuesday, March 11, The O'Gorman Mahon, M.P., whose real age is legendary, celebrated what he reckons to be his 88th birthday. Many happy returns of the day! The old warrior had promised to make a few remarks at the close of Monday night's debate. They were to have been very brief, just indicating the pleasure with which he at the close of a long and eventful life saw the down of a better day for Ireland. But when the opportunity came he was found not equal to it, and was content with giving a silent vote. Tuesday was his birthday, the date being about the only arithmetical fact in connection with it that is well authenticated. The O'Gorman Mahon himself says he has had time to forget how old he is. Some of his friends who have gone into the matter have by a process of induction arrived at the conclusion that he is between 87 and 90. Even now, though much broken down since he was accustomed to put in a nightly appearance at the House, he is a notable figure, tall, rugged, ruddy in countenance, and with a great shock of white hair. He has issued for tonight invitations to some of his friends among the Irish party, asking them to dine with him. This has been his custom for several years, the 12th of March being always kept free for the birthday dinner. Those going to it tonight have the sad feeling that in all probability it will be the last occasion on which they will have the opportunity of wishing the old man many happy returns of the day. The O'Gorman Mahon was getting on in years when Thackeray knew him and took him as the model for one of his most amusing characters.—*Freeman, March* 14.

### St. Aloysius Society Entertainment.

An entertainment will be given under the auspices of the St. Aloysius Society of St. James' Catholic church at Lincoln hall, Thirty-first street, on the evening of Wednesday, April 16th, for the benefit of the boys' school library, which needs completion. A splendid musical programme has been arranged under the direction of the superb choir of St. James' church, and some of the best outside talent has been secured. In addition to the foregoing, there will be varied musical exercises, and a lecture will be delivered by the Hon. William J. Hynes. Tickets can be had from Mr. Henley, sexton of the church, and also at the hall. As the object is a most worthy one, it is hoped that the attendance will be very large. Following is the programme:

"Welcome To-night".....St James' Quartette
Masters B. Keating, C. O'Hara, J. Gleason, J. Mullen.
Piano solo.....Selected.....Miss W. Stenson
Vocal selections.....Miss K. Gavin
Guitar duet, Sebastopol, Messrs. Murphy and Mosher.
Vocal solo.....Selected...Mr. Carl Bernard
Piano solo.... Gems Animam....Miss N. O'Hara
Vocal duet, Selected, Miss Scheppler and Miss Reilly.
Vocal selection.....Mr. G. Huessen
Lecture.....Hon. W. J. Hynes
Violin Quartette, Selected, Masters J O'Brien, L. Weil, J. L. Case, C Mitchell.
Piano accompaniment.....Prof. Kaufman
Quartette.....St. James Choir

# INTERESTING FOR LADIES.

## Our Well Known Eastern Correspondent Tells How They Should Ride on Horseback.

### Many Items of Interest About Dress and Marriage.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 7.—"Does Miss Mabel Jenness, the lecturer on physical development, recommend ladies when taking horseback exercise to ride astride?" a correspondent inquires.

I believe she does and so do all physicians and all intelligent thinking persons who have studied up this matter. Such a change will be a decided innovation, and will, of course, attract a great deal of comment at first, and to many will be exceedingly awkward, but this newness will soon wear off, and it will not be long before we shall all wonder why the march of progress had not before overtaken the saddle horse. Some fashionable ladies are already practicing this method on country roads, and are delighted with the change. They wear divided skirts, and not only take longer rides with more comfort and less danger, but the horses return fresher and in better temper. The side saddle throws the body of the rider off equilibrium, and has been the cause of great spinal suffering. Then, horses that carry the weight of heavy burdens on one side alone do not live as long on an average as overworked car horses. Is it a mere matter of sentiment that horses have some rights that riders are bound to respect, or isn't it? I leave this to my readers.

Those of my friends who are planning their mountain or sea shore costumes, I pray to listen to me. Don't buy shoes to plow through the sand with, and to wear in climbing hills and fences, that have high heels and narrow soles. Get a boot broad enough once in your lives and one with a spring heel. Then look into the combination undergarments, those with the vest and drawers woven together. Select woolen or silk, of the proper size, and then invest in a corset waste with shoulder straps, and buttons around the bottom to fasten the skirt to. Next buy a divided skirt which never wobbles, nor drags, nor gets in the way going upstairs, and upon which a gale of wind has no effect. For your dresses purchase materials of light weight, and have them made upon a gown form foundation. With such costume you can defy fatigue, and can also positively cure many of the internal diseases from which so many of our women suffer.

The impression which prevails in certain quarters that dresses made in this style are not pretty is entirely incorrect. The costumes of the great Worth, and the world renowned Felix, cannot be compared in point of artistic beauty with those designed by Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, and this is conceded by our best artists. The ugliest figures can be made to seem graceful by means of these tastefully draped gowns, and the beauty of a fine figure is much enhanced by the various charming ways in which it can be arrayed. Then, Mrs. Miller works for health as well as beauty, while to the designers above mentioned, "the human form divine" is nothing but a frame to cover with dry goods.

Small soft felt hats in colors to match the costume will be much worn this coming season for traveling. Large felt hats for country wear have the preference still over straw. Small white felts are worn by some of our girls at theatre matinees, and with the little careless dent in the crown, are very becoming to piquant faces.

The introduction of the type-writer into the families of the Russian and German nobility was first mainly for the purpose of amusement and entertainment.

The wife of one of the highest court officials at St. Petersburg lately wrote a letter to a friend in New York in French, and the same letter in Russian, on a Remington type-writer, which her husband had given her for a Christmas present.

"You can have no idea," she said, "of the satisfaction and joy which this dear little instrument has afforded me. It has entirely cured the *ennui* which you so much deplored, and which is so much more distressing than actual pain, and then you would laugh to see me—me, the spoiled wife and daughter, the pet of society, working over proclamations and knotty business documents, in order to help my dear husband a little—though to be quite frank, if it did not amuse me I should perhaps not help him at all."

The Russian type written letter was a sight—words a foot long, but all neatly and even artistically done.

The women in England who are interested in what may be called "Experimental Marriage" will probably do some good by their arguments and their influence, but will not be likely to succeed in their efforts. It is a fact that some of our most thoughtful and cultured men and women are in favor of a marriage law which shall bind the parties for a certain number of years only. Some are in favor of two years, but the majority think that five years are none too long for this experiment. At the expiration of this time they are at liberty to go or stay. If they conclude to continue the relation, there must be another marriage service which shall bind them for life. I earnestly hope that none of my readers will take the trouble to ask how I regard the matter, because I don't know what I do think. I am sure of two things only. The first is that it ought not to be so easy for folks to marry, and the second that the preventative of unhappiness in the marital relation will be found in education alone. ELEANOR KIRK.

### The Celto-American League.

A very attractive entertainment will be given at Madison Street Theatre on Saturday evening, April 12, at 8 o'clock, under the auspices of the Celto American League. Judge Tuthill will preside on the occasion, and Judge Richard Prendergast will deliver a lecture on the "American Citizen—Native and Foreign Born—His Duties, Rights and Privileges." A splendid musical programme will also be furnished. Tickets of admission 50 cents, which may be had of members of the committee or at the box office.

### CAITILIN TIRIAL.

[*From the Irish.*]

FRANK FAHY.

I would sing of everything that makes mortal man rejoice,
And I'd sing of witching Kitty of the mellow cuckoo-voice;
She's the mild divinest child, oh! so gracious and so sweet,
And her like you will not find in the meadow or the street.

'Tis my grief beyond relief that I am not far away
By the shores of old Lough Erril in the dewy dawning grey,
Where I'd chance to catch one glance, that my lonesome heart would heal,
Of that blossom bright of beauty's bough, my Caitilin Tirial.

She is fairer than the lily, she is brighter than the sun,
And melody to match her voice is heard on earth by none;
Never night that lacked moonlight could a darker shadow show
Than the wealth of ringlets clustering that down her white neck flow.

If his hand the bishop grand on our two bowed heads would lay,
I would bear my darling fair with me across the waves away,
Among all the shops of call in the village where I deal
There's not one where I've not drunk the health of Caitilin Tirial.

O Kitty, 'tis the pity that we're not, you and I,
Afloat in my small boat on the billows, bounding high,
I would move your heart to love with the fond words that I'd say,
And I'd take you to my home from your mother-eren away.

Of the loving note you wrote, every line my mind recalls,
And it thrills my soul like music that from fairy fingers falls,
The few wits God left me yet—oh! how could you, could you steal?
'Tis you have much to answer for, O Caitilin Tirial.

### The Hiberanian Society.

(*Nashville American*).

There was a very large attendance at the meeting of the Nashville Hibernian Benevolent Society, on Sunday afternoon. It was the occasion of the twenty-first annual election of officers, and nearly if not quite all the members were present at Hibernian Hall.

Annual reports were submitted by the respective officers, showing that the society is in a most prosperous condition both as to membership and finances.

The following officers were elected: James Killelea, president; M. J. Lafley, vice-president; M. Morgan, treasurer; Garret H. Stritch, recording secretary; James Carney, financial secretary; Martin Moran, sergeant-at-arms; John Brady, James Mulloy, James Greeley, trustees. The meeting then adjourned.

### How Business Men Travel

The New York *Sun* in a recent article on "Busy Men on the Cars," referring to two prominent New York business men who have important interests in Chicago and New York, says: "Both men travel with small, light valises or dispatch boxes, which are constructed especially to hold papers, documents, telegraph blanks, pads, files, and so on. The amount of work accomplished in the twenty-five hours between Chicago and New York was usually very great, for there was practically no interruption, and schemes were figured out and decisions arrived at in practical tranquility, though they were most of the time running along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The advantages of American railroad travel are eminent in a case of this sort, for a section or private compartment on this train, with movable tables, facilities for being shaved and eating meals at regular hours, practically give a man the advantages of his own office. It is the most successful effort yet to annihilate time and space."

The train referred to in this article is the Chicago and New York Limited (Wagner Vestibule) via the Lake Shore and New York Central route, leaving Van Buren street station every day at 5:30 p. m. F. M. Byron, city passenger and ticket agent, 66 Clark street; C. K. Wilber, western passenger agent.

### FROM NEW YORK.

**Another Gigantic Bridge—Less Work for Postoffice Clerks—Music in the Public Parks.**

NEW YORK, April 7.—New York city is to have another gigantic suspension bridge. A bill authorizing its construction across the Hudson river has been passed by congress, and it is to be completed within ten years. The reason why it was necessary for congress to act in the matter was that the bridge is to connect two different States, New York and New Jersey. The exact situation of the proposed bridge has not yet been determined upon, but it will probably stretch from Hoboken to 14th street. When finished it will be the largest bridge in the world. It will be suspended from four large cables, similar to the East River bridge, each four feet in diameter. There will be but one span across the river, 2,850 feet in length, which is nearly twice as long as that of the East River bridge. Although the proportions are gigantic, it is said that the construction will be relatively less difficult than that of the East River bridge or the St. Louis bridge. The new bridge will have from six to ten railroad tracks, so that all passengers and freight coming from the West will land directly in the city, instead of first landing in Jersey and crossing the river by ferry. At the New York end will be a large passenger station accommodating thirty tracks. The anchorages on either side of the river will be larger than the pyramids, and the total cost is estimated at $40,000,000.

In common with those of other large cities, our postoffice clerks and letter carriers are working hard to have their hours of labor reduced to eight per day, and to be a fifteen days' vacation each year. Postmaster Van Cott has been in conference with the postmaster-general, and it is understood that the outlook is favorable for the men. The congressional committee, which was here last summer investigating the whole subject of postal management, made a number of recommendations which will no doubt be carried out soon. The grievances of the men were among the most important subjects considered, and it is gratifying to know that these grievances are very likely to be remedied. The 1,800 postoffice employes of this city have certainly more work than they can properly perform, and Uncle Sam can afford to be generous, and at the same time improve the efficiency of the service.

The splendid weather which we have been having lately reminds us that summer will soon be here. The different parks which have been rather deserted during the cold weather, will soon present a very animated appearance. When the open air concerts begin, the population will pour out in hundreds of thousands, and summer will have begun in earnest. The city expends $25,000 annually for these free concerts, and they are thoroughly appreciated. This year the concerts will be held in six parks—Battery park, East River park, Thompkins Square, Paradise park, Mount Morris park, and Central park. These parks are situated in all parts of the city, and the music is on different nights and afternoons. The best band—that of the Seventh Regiment—is of course employed in Central park, where an extra concert is given each week on Sunday afternoon.

EDWIN ARLINGTON.

TO AND FROM CHICAGO TO EUROPE in seven days via New York and Boston Limited—LAKE SHORE ROUTE. For rates, sailings, etc., on any of the "Ocean greyhounds," write or address J. D. O'Leary, agent, Lake Shore office, No. 66 South Clark street, Sherman House.

**Electric Belt Free.**

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5.00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 257,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

**Something Interesting to Every Family.**

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

**T. Shea, Merchant Tailor**

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

**Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.**

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

## A TIPPERARY POET AND NOVELIST.

**The J. F. Meagher Testimonial Fund.**

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,—Many Irishmen at home and abroad will gladly learn that it is proposed to present a testimonial to John Francis Meagher ("Sleevenamon.") On the 2nd February, 1866, Mr. Meagher was, on the information of the infamous spy, Talbot, arrested in his native town of Carrick-on-Suir for his connection with the Fenian organization. With him were arrested his father, then in his seventy-fifth year; his brother William who died in Mountjoy Prison after two years' solitary confinement; Sergeant McCarthy and others. Mr. Meagher was subjected to prison tortures in Clonmel, Kilmainham and Mountjoy. He was released in '67, after his health had been shattered by imprisonment, only to find his circle broken up.

Since then Mr. Meagher has been a well known contributor to Irish journals. He was employed for some time in the *Irishman* Office; and from 1869 to 1880 was a regular contributor to the *Irishman* and *Shamrock*. From '85 to '87 many contributions of his appeared in *Young Ireland* and in the *Irish Firesides*, now the *Glasgow Observer*, under the general title, "Legends of Southern Ireland." Few have done more than Mr. Meagher has to rescue from oblivion the legends that still survive amongst the peasantry of Waterford and his native Tipperary. He is now unfortunately in very poor health and is in embarrassed circumstances.

His friends have therefore resolved to organize a testimonial to mark their sense of his life-long patriotism, and their appreciation of his sufferings for the "good old cause." Our purpose in appealing is to bring the testimonial under the notice of Mr. Meagher's many friends and admirers (and they are legion), who live far away from his native town. We hope that all who admire the part Mr. Meagher has borne in the Irish struggle, as well as all those who have derived pleasure and profit from his writings, will contribute generously to the testimonial which it is proposed to present him with.

Committee—Rev. W. P. Hickey, Glasgow; P. J. Maher, Maurice Power, Wm. Prendergast, Clonmel; Thos. F. Walsh, M. C. Dowdall, James O'Carroll, Patrick Burke, Carrick-on-Suir; Wm. P. O'Keeffe, Greystone street, Carrick-on-Suir, Hon. Treasurer, James J. Hearn, Ashpark, Carrick-on-Suir, honorable secretary.

### PERSONAL.

Mr. John Omo, a well known business man of this city, has secured berths on the steamship "Arizona," which will sail from New York on June 17, for himself, wife and two children. Mr. Omo intends doing Ireland from the Giants' Causeway to Cape Clear, and will tarry for some time in historic Clonmel, the former home of Mrs. Omo, before visiting the many places of social and historic interest on the continent. His return is fixed for the middle of August.

**The Mandeville Memorial.**

The Mandeville Memorial committee held a meeting on Sunday last, at Fitzgerald Hall, corner Adams and Halsted streets. Mr. J. O'Sullivan occupied the chair. The secretary read the minutes of the last meeting, which were adopted. Many additional subscriptions were also announced. All members of the committee and also the editors of THE CITIZEN and *Catholic Home* will receive subscriptions for the Mandeville monument. The next meeting of the committee will take place on Sunday, April 20. Persons desirous of doing honor to the memory of brave John Mandeville should attend or send their subscriptions.

A Berlin dispatch of March 27 says Baron Bieberstein, a minister of Baden, has been nominated to succeed Count Herbert Bismarck.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

**Attorneys.**

BRADY, MATTHEW P.,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
28 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st.
Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Room 905 Chicago Opera House,
Corner Clark and Washington-sts.

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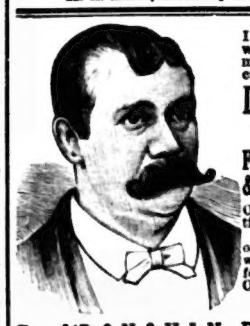
M. E. Ames, Attorney-at-Law.



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# NEXT WEEK!

JOHN F. FINERTY'S BOOK,

# "WARPATH AND BIVOUAC,

OR THE

# CONQUEST OF THE SIOUX,"

Will be Ready for Shipment or Delivery to Subscribers. All who desire to have Early Copies of the Book should send in their orders at once to the Author and Publisher.

The book will comprise two parts in one octavo volume of over 460 pages, with Map and Illustrations. It will be issued in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $2 per volume. The book will contain the most exciting narratives of the Great Indian Wars of 1876 and 1879 ever published, and will be a valuable memento of American valor and endurance, and of Indian ferocity and prowess, in every household. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable. The volume will be brought out in the very best style by the printers and binders, Messrs. Donohue, Henneberry & Co., of this city.

In addition to the table of contents already announced, Mr. Finerty's book will include an account of Gen. Miles' battles with Lame Deer and Chief Joseph, in 1877; and also a sketch of Gen. George A. Forsyth's celebrated fight, against overwhelming numbers of Indians, on the forks of the Republican river; Gen. George A. Custer's great victory over the celebrated Indian chief, Black Kettle, at the Washita, etc. The frontispiece will be a fine copy of Prof. Mulvany's celebrated painting, commemorative of the battle of the Little Big Horn, "Custer's Last Rally"; and the portraits will include splendid likenesses of Gens. Crook, Custer, Miles, Merritt, Gibbon, and Carr, and the more prominent battalion and scout commanders of the American army. The pictures of Sitting Bull, Rain-in-the-Face, Gall, the far-famed scout, Gruard, and others, are the most striking and characteristic ever presented to the American public. Now is the time to "Rally round the Flag!"

# GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

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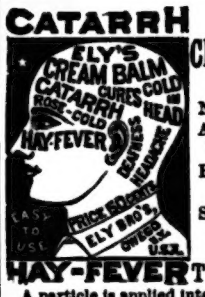


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ESTATE OF WILLIAM MICHAEL MURRY, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of William Michael Murry, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1890, being the 16th day thereof. ANNA MURRY, Executrix.
Dated Chicago, April 9, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

## MEDITATION.

Be still, my sorrow, and be strong to bear:
The evening thou didst pray for now comes down,
A veil of dusky air enfolds the town,
Bringing some peace to some, to others care.
Now, while the wretched throng of soulless clay
Beneath the pitiless sting of pleasure's whip
Gather remorse in slavish fellowship,
Sorrow, give me thy hand, and come away.
Far from their noise. See the sad years deceased
Lean from the sky in garb of bygone times,
Regret that smiles up from the river's deep,
The sun that sinks behind the bridge to sleep,
And hear the footsteps of the Night that climbs
Like a long shroud, trailing across the East.
—Arthur Reed Ropes

## THE WEAVER'S SON.

There was once a weaver in Erin who lived at the edge of a wood; and on a time when he had nothing to burn he went out with his daughter to get fagots for the fire.

They gathered two bundles and were ready to carry them home, when who should come along but a splendid looking stranger on horseback. And he said to the weaver: "My good man, will you give me that girl of yours?"

"Indeed then I will not," said the weaver.

"I'll give you her weight in gold," said the stranger, and he put out the gold there on the ground.

So the weaver went home with the gold and without the daughter. He buried the gold in the garden, without letting his wife know what he had done. When she asked, "Where is our daughter?" the weaver said: "I sent her on an errand to a neighbor's house for things that I want."

Night came, but no sight of the girl. The next time he went for fagots, the weaver took his second daughter to the wood; and when they had two bundles gathered, and were ready to go home, a second stranger came on horseback, much finer than the first, and asked the weaver would he give him his daughter.

"I will not," said the weaver.

"Well," said the stranger, "I'll give you her weight in silver if you'll let her go with me;" and he put the silver down before him.

The weaver carried home the silver and buried it in the garden with the gold, and the daughter went away with the man on horseback.

When he went again to the wood the weaver took his third daughter with him; and when they were ready to go home a third man came on horseback, gave the weight of the third daughter in copper, and took her away. The weaver buried the copper with the gold and silver.

Now, the wife was lamenting and moaning night and day for her three daughters, and gave the weaver no rest till he told the whole story.

Now, a son was born to them; and when the boy grew up and was going to school, he heard how his three sisters had been carried away for their weight in gold and silver and copper; and every day when he came home he saw how his mother was lamenting and wandering outside in grief through the fields and pits and ditches, so he asked her what trouble was on her; but she wouldn't tell him a word.

At last he came home crying from school one day, and said: "I'll not sleep three nights in one house till I find my three sisters." Then he said to his mother: "Make me three loaves of bread, mother, for I am going on a journey."

Next day he asked had she the bread ready. She said she had, and she was crying bitterly all the time. "I'm going to leave you now, mother," said he, "and I'll come back when I have found my three sisters."

He went away and walked on till he was tired and hungry, and then he sat down to eat the bread that his mother had given him, when a red haired man came up and asked him for something to eat. "Sit down here," said the boy. He sat down and the two ate till there was not a crumb of the bread left.

The boy told of the journey he was on; then the red haired man said: "There may not be much use in your going, but here are three things that'll serve you—the sword of sharpness, the cloth of plenty, and the cloak of darkness. No man can kill you while that sword is in your hand; and whenever you are hungry or dry, all you have to do is to spread the cloth and ask for what you'd like to eat or drink, and it will be there before you. When you put on the cloak, there won't be a man or a woman or a living thing in the world that'll see you, and you'll go to whatever place you have set your mind on quicker than any wind."

The red haired man went his way, and the boy traveled on. Before evening a great shower came, and he ran for shelter to a large oak tree. When he got near the tree his foot slipped, the ground opened, and down he went through the earth till he came to another country. When he was in the other country he put on the cloak of darkness and went ahead like a blast of wind, and never stopped till he saw a castle in the distance; and soon he was there. But he found nine gates closed before him, and no way to go through. It was written inside the cloak of darkness that his elder sister lived in that castle.

He was not long at the gate looking in when a girl came to him and said, "Go on out of that; if you don't you'll be killed."

"Do you go in," said he to the girl, "and tell my sister, the woman of this castle, to come out to me."

The girl ran in; out came the sister, and asked: "Why are you here, and what did you come for?"

"I have come to this country to find my three sisters, who were given away by my father for their weight in gold, silver and copper; and you are my eldest sister."

She knew from what he said that he was her brother, so she opened the gates and brought him in, saying: "Don't wonder at anything you see in this castle. My husband is enchanted. I see him only at night. He goes off every morning, stays away all day, and comes home in the evening."

The sun went down; and while they were talking, the husband rushed in, and the noise of him was terrible. He came in the form of a ram, ran up stairs, and soon after came down a man.

"Who is this that's with you?" asked he of the wife.

"Oh! that's my brother, who has come from Erin to see me," said she.

Next morning, when the man of the castle was going off in the form of a ram, he turned to the boy and asked, "Will you stay a few days in my castle? You are welcome."

"Nothing would please me better," said the boy; "but I have made a vow never to sleep three nights in one house till I have found my three sisters."

"Well," said the ram, "since you must go, here is something for you." And pulling out a bit of his own wool, he gave it to the boy, saying: "Keep this; and whenever a trouble is on you, take it out, and call on what rams are in the world to help you."

Away went the ram. The boy took farewell of his sister, put on the cloak of darkness, and disappeared. He traveled till hungry and tired, then he sat down, took off the cloak of darkness, spread the cloth of plenty, and asked for meat and drink. After he had eaten and drunk his fill, he took up the cloth, put on the cloak of darkness, and went ahead, passing every wind that was before him, and leaving every wind that was behind.

About an hour before sunset he saw the castle in which his second sister lived. When he reached the gate, a girl came out to him and said: "Go away from that gate, or you'll be killed."

"I'll not leave this till my sister, who lives in the castle, comes out and speaks to me."

The girl ran in, and out came the sister. When she heard his story and his father's name, she knew that he was her brother, and said: "Come into the castle, but think nothing of what you'll see or hear. I don't see my husband from morning till night. He goes and comes in a strange form, but he is a man at night."

About sunset there was a terrible noise and in rushed the man of the castle in the form of a tremendous salmon. He went flapping upstairs, but he wasn't long there till he came down a fine looking man.

"Who is that with you?" asked he of the wife. "I thought you would let no one into the castle while I was gone."

"Oh, this is my brother, who has come to see me," she said.

"If he's your brother he's welcome," said the man.

They supped, and then slept till morning. When the man of the castle was going out again in the form of a great salmon he turned to the boy and said: "You'd better stay here with us a while."

"I cannot," said the boy. "I made a vow never to sleep three nights in one house till I had seen my three sisters. I must go now and find my third sister."

The salmon then took off a piece of his fin and gave it to the boy, saying: "If any difficulty meets you, or trouble comes on you, call on what salmons are in the sea to come and help you."

They parted. The boy put on his cloak of darkness and away he went, more swiftly than any wind. He never stopped till he was hungry and thirsty. Then he sat down, took off his cloak of darkness, spread the cloth of plenty and ate his fill. When he had eaten he went on again till near sundown, when he saw the castle where his third sister lived. All three castles were near the sea. Neither sister knew what place she was in and neither knew where the other two were living.

The third sister took her brother in just as the first and second had done, telling him not to wonder at anything he saw.

They were not long inside when a roaring noise was heard, and in came the greatest eagle that ever was seen. The eagle hurried upstairs, and soon came down a man.

"Who is that stranger there with you?" asked he of his wife. (He, as well as the ram and salmon, knew the boy; he only wanted to try his wife).

"This is my brother, who has come to see me."

They all took supper and slept that night. When the eagle was going away in the morning, he pulled a feather out of his wing and said to the boy: "Keep this; it may serve you. If you are ever in straits and want help, call on what eagles are in the world, and they'll come to you."

There was no hurry now, for the third sister was found; and the boy went upstairs with her to examine the country all around and to look at the sea. Soon he saw a great white hill, and on the top of the hill a castle.

"In that castle on the white hill beyond," said the sister, "lives a giant, who stole from her home the most beautiful young woman in the world. From all parts the greatest heroes and champions and kings' sons are coming to take her away from the giant and marry her. There is not a man of them all who is able to conquer the giant and free the young woman; but the giant conquers them, cuts their heads off and then eats their flesh. When he has picked the bones clean, he throws them out; and the whole place around the castle is white with the bones of the men that the giant has eaten."

"I must go," said the boy, "to that castle to know can I kill the giant and bring away the young woman."

So he took leave of his sister, put on the cloak of darkness, took his sword with him, and was soon inside the castle. The giant was fighting with champions outside. When the boy saw the young woman he took off the cloak of darkness and spoke to her.

"Oh!" said she, "what can you do against the giant? No man has ever come to this castle without losing his life. The giant kills every man, and no one has ever come here so big that the giant did not eat him at one meal."

"And is there no way to kill him?" asked the boy.

"I think not," said she.

"Well, if you'll give me something to eat I'll stay here, and when the giant comes in I'll do my best to kill him. But don't let on that I am here."

Then he put on the cloak of darkness, and no one could see him. When the giant came in he had the bodies of two men on his back. He threw down the bodies and told the young woman to get them ready for his dinner. Then he snuffed around and said: "There's someone here; I smell the blood of an Erineach."

"I don't think you do," said the young woman; "I can't see any one."

"Neither can I," said the giant; "but I smell a man."

With that the boy drew his sword, and when the giant was struck he ran in the direction of the blow to give one back; then he was struck on the other side.

They were at one another this way, the giant and the boy with the cloak of darkness on him, till the giant had fifty wounds, and was covered with blood. Every minute he was getting a slash of a sword, but never could give one back. At last he called out: "Whoever you are, wait till to-morrow, and I'll face you then."

So the fighting stopped; and the young woman began to cry and lament as if her heart would break when she saw the state the giant was in. "Oh! you'll be with me no longer; you'll be killed now; what can I do alone without you?" and she tried to please him and washed his wounds.

"Don't be afraid," said the giant; "this one, whoever he is, will not kill me, for there is no man in the world that can kill me." Then the giant went to bed and was well in the morning.

Next day the giant and the boy began in the middle of the forenoon, and fought till the middle of the afternoon. The giant was covered with wounds, and he had not given one blow to the boy, and could not see him, for he was always in his cloak of darkness. So the giant had to ask for rest till next morning.

While the young woman was washing and dressing the wounds of the giant she cried and lamented all the time, saying: "What'll become of me now? I'm afraid you'll be killed this time; and how can I live here without you?"

"Have no fear for me," said the giant. "I'll put your mind at rest. In the bottom of the sea is a chest locked and bound, in that chest is a duck, in the duck an egg; and I never can be killed unless some one gets the egg from the duck in the chest at the bottom of the sea, and rubs it on the mole that is under my right breast."

While the giant was telling this to the woman to put her mind at rest, who should be listening to the story but the boy in the cloak of darkness. The minute he heard of the chest in the sea, he thought of the salmon. So off he hurried to the seashore, which was not far away. Then he took out the fin that his second sister's husband had given him, and called on what salmons were in the sea to bring up the chest with the duck inside, and put it out on the beach before him.

He had not long to wait till he saw nothing but salmon—the whole sea was covered with them, moving to land; and they put the chest out on the beach before him.

But the chest was locked and strong; how could he open it? He thought of the rams; and taking out the lock of wool, said "I want what rams are in the world to come and break open this chest!"

That minute the rams of the world were running to the seashore, each with a terrible pair of horns on him, and soon they battered the chest to splinters. Out flew the duck and away she went over the sea.

The boy took the feather, and said: "I want what eagles there are in the world to get me the egg from that duck."

That minute the duck was surrounded by the eagles of the world, and the egg was soon brought to the boy. He put the feather, the wool, and the fin in his pocket, put on the cloak of darkness and went to the castle on the white hill, and told the young woman, when she was dressing the wounds of the giant again, to raise up his arm.

Next day they fought till the middle of the afternoon. The giant was almost cut to pieces, and called for a cessation.

The young woman hurried to dress the wounds, and he said: "I see you would help me if you could; you are not able. But never fear, I shall not be killed." Then she raised his arm to wash away the blood, and the boy, who was there in his cloak of darkness, struck the mole with the egg. The giant died that minute.

The boy took the young woman to the castle of his third sister. Next day he went back for the treasures of the giant, and there was more gold in the castle than one horse could draw.

They spent nine days in the castle of the eagle with the third sister. The boy gave back the feather, and the two went on till they came to the castle of the salmon, where they spent nine more days with the second sister; and he gave back the fin.

When they came to the castle of the ram, they spent fifteen days with the first sister, and had great feasting and enjoyment. Then the boy gave back the lock of wool to the ram, and taking farewell of his sister and her husband, set out for home with the young woman of the castle, who was now his wife, bringing presents from the three daughters to their father and mother.

At last they reached the opening near the tree, came up through the ground, and went on to where he met the red haired man. Then he spread the cloth of plenty, asked for every good meat and drink, and called the red haired man. He came. The three sat down, ate and drank with enjoyment.

When they had finished, the boy gave back to the red haired man the cloak of darkness, the sword of sharpness, and the cloth of plenty, and thanked him.

"You were kind to me," said the red haired man; "you gave me of your bread when I asked for it, and told me where you were going. I took pity on you; for I knew you could never get what you wanted unless I helped you. I am the brother of the eagle, the salmon and the ram."

They parted. The boy went home, built a castle with the treasure of the giant, and lived happily with his parents and wife.—From Myths of Folk Lore of Ireland.

# POISONED THE FAMILY.

## Sensational Affair in a Suburb of Chicago.

### QUEER CONDUCT OF A DOMESTIC.

**She Purchases Rough on Rats at a Drug Store, Refuses to Eat Any Supper, and Then Disappears—Two of the Victims of the Dastardly Crime Already Dead—The Other Two May Recover—No Cause for the Deed.**

CHICAGO, April 5.—Englewood, one of the recently annexed suburbs to this city, is excited over a poisoning mystery which promises to develop into one of the most perplexing sensations that quiet suburb has ever known. The present indications are that the case is one of murder. George P. Newland and his family, consisting of a wife, a son, and daughter—both grown up—have lived for years at 6236 Wabash avenue, in a palatial residence. Mr. Newland was a well known resident of Englewood and a retired real estate man, living on the interest of his accumulations. Friday night all four members of the family were taken violently ill. They had eaten some canned corn for supper and the supposition was that they had been poisoned in that manner. Medical aid was called in, but in spite of all that could be done Mr. Newland, who seemed to have been the most violently attacked, expired about 3 o'clock Saturday morning.

**Dr. Crutcher's Story.**

The rest of the story can best be told in the words of Dr. Crutcher of 78 State street, who lives in Auburn park and was summoned by a friend of the Newlands about 6:30 o'clock Saturday morning. "When I arrived at the New and house," said the doctor, "I found Mr. Newland already dead. Mrs. Newland was dying, and the indications were that she had been poisoned by arsenic. She had suffered all the symptoms of arsenical poisoning, such as intense burning at the stomach, vomiting, thirst, drinking often and little at a time, and there was no doubt in my mind that she had in some manner taken a dose of arsenic. She was in a state of complete collapse when I saw her, and it was evident that she could not live very much longer. The daughter, Grace, who was poisoned, is still quite sick but will undoubtedly recover. Neither she nor her brother is aware that their father is dead or that their mother is not likely to recover. All the patients are kept in separate rooms. Young Newland, I have no doubt, will also recover.

**She Bought Rough on Rats.**

"As soon as I saw that Mrs. Newland was beyond all earthly help I hunted up the can of corn from which the family had partaken and examined it. I could see, on a casual examination, no reason to believe that the family had been poisoned by partaking of the corn."

The doctor then went on to tell of his suspicions in the case. He found out, it seems, that one of the servants who had been employed about the house borrowed money from Miss Grace Newland with which to buy some medicine, as she claimed. The girl returned at night but ate no supper, and, it is alleged, has disappeared. Dr. Crutcher says he visited the drug store to which the girl went and was told that she had purchased there "Rough on Rats," which contains a very large per cent. of arsenic. As the evidence against the girl is by no means complete her name is withheld. The surviving members of the family say that they can imagine no reason why any one should attempt to murder them in such a cold-blooded fashion.

**Mrs. Newland Dead.**

LATER.—Mrs. Belle Newland also died at 11 o'clock Saturday morning. The police have ascertained that the suspected servant girl, Emma Stark, bought a ticket Saturday morning at Grand Crossing for Laporte, Ind., and took the train for that point. The marshal at Laporte has been notified to arrest her.

## TO HELP STARVING MINERS.

**Measures Being Taken by the Central Railroad of New Jersey.**

WILKESBARRE, Pa., April 5.—At the meeting of the board of trade a communication was read from President Maxwell, of the Central railroad, of New Jersey, to the effect that measures were now being prepared for the relief of the poverty-stricken mine employes of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal company. It was affirmed that the details would soon be made public. The necessity for some action is urgent. The Wilkesbarre benevolent associations, aided by most liberal contributions from the citizens at large, have hitherto supplied all cases of urgent want, but it is doubtful if they can continue to do this much longer. As yet there is no prospect of an improvement, as the collieries around here continue to work on less than one-third time.

**Three Missing Men in a Week.**

PATERSON, N. J., April 5.—Paterson just now has an epidemic of missing men. March 28 John Adams, a prominent young man, dropped out of sight in a mysterious manner and without any apparent cause. Adams attended a social gathering of Free Masons, and when the affair broke up started for his home. He has not been seen since. On Tuesday Edward Versele, a saloonkeeper at 94 Lafayette street, told his wife when he left home that he was going up town. He has not been seen since. Friday morning it was reported to the police that William J. Orth, of 10 Rampo avenue, left his home Thursday, and had not turned up since then. Orth is slightly demented. Not the slightest clew was left behind of any of the three men.

**Colored People to Meet.**

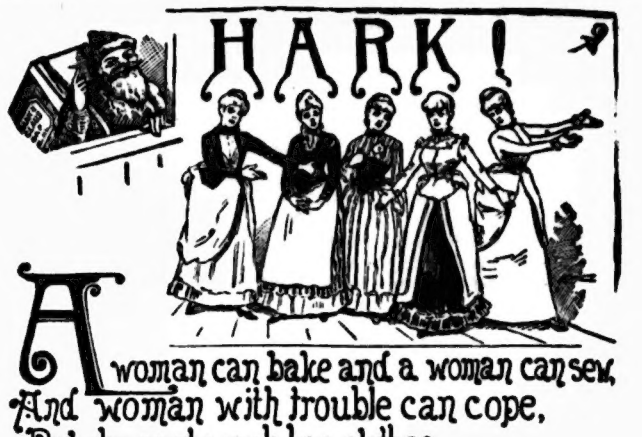
PETERSBURG, Va., April 5.—A convention of colored people of Virginia has been called to be held in Richmond on the 15th inst. Each city and county in the state is to be represented. The means of advancement of the colored race in education, morals and finance will be the question to be considered by the convention. Schemes will also be devised for the purchase of lands in the west in order that members of the race may segregate themselves. The question of organizing, on strictly business principles, insurance companies and savings banks will come up for consideration.

**Dom Pedro Seriously Ill.**

CANNES, April 5.—Dom Pedro is in a critical condition. He was in a comatose state a part of the day. In the afternoon the sacrament was administered to him. Dr. Charcot, who was summoned from Paris to attend the sufferer, says that his patient is extremely weak, but he is in no immediate danger.

**Boulanger Will Return to France.**

LONDON, April 5.—Gen. Boulanger has decided to return to France at once. He will leave the island of Jersey and make his way to Paris via Granville, a seaport in the department of Manche.


HARK!
A woman can bake and a woman can sew,
And woman with trouble can cope,
But she cant wash her clothes
to perfection she knows.
Without Fairbank's Santa Claus Soap.
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## HOW ANIMALS EAT.

**Man Has Thirty-two Teeth, the Hog Forty-four and a Southern Fish 222.**

Man is the only animal that has teeth—incisors, canines and molars—of an equal height. Man, the ape, and nearly all ruminants, have thirty-two teeth. The hog, however, is better off than this, and has forty-four. So has the opossum and mole. The river dolphin of South America lays far beyond this, however, having no less than 222 teeth. Teeth are no part of the skeleton, but belong to the appendages, like skin and hair.

The sturgeon is toothless and draws in its food by suction, but the shark has hundreds of teeth sets in rows that sometimes number ten.

Lobsters and crabs masticate their food with their horny jaws, but they have also sets of teeth in their stomachs, where they complete the work of chewing. But there is one peculiar kind of crab, called the king or horseshoe crab, which chews its food with its legs. This is an actual fact, the little animal grinding its morsels between its thighs before it passes them over to its mouth.

The jelly fish absorbs its food by wrapping itself around the object which it seeks to make its own. The starfish is even more accommodating. Fastening itself to the body it wishes to feed on, it turns its stomach inside out and enwraps its prey with this useful organ.

Dogs seize their food with their jaws, cats with their feet, and so do monkeys, some of them pressing their prehensile tails into service. The squirrel uses its paws to carry its food to its mouth, the elephant its trunk, the giraffe, ant eater and toad their tongues.

Spiders chew their food with horny jaws, which are sharp enough to give quite a nip.

Grasshoppers and lobusts are very well provided with the necessary machinery for eating much and often. They have saw like jaws and gizzards, too, the latter being fitted out with horny teeth.

The caterpillar feeds with two saw edged jaws, working tranversely, and uses them to such good advantage that he eats three or four times his own weight every day.

Toads, tortoises, turtles, and most lizards have no teeth. Frogs have teeth in their upper jaw only. Ant eaters, sloths and armadillos have no teeth.

The lion and the tiger, and, indeed, most of the carnivora, do not grind their food, using their jaws only up and down, the molars acting like chopping knives, or, rather, scissors. Their mouths, in fact, are a veritable hash mill.

The butterfly pumps nectar into itself through a tube, and bees and flies suck up their food with a long tongue or proboscis.

The spider's mouth is quite a complicated affair. It has fangs for holding its prey, masticatory organs for bruising its solid food, and a sucking apparatus for taking up the fluids. Quite as complicated is the mouth of the mosquito, which consists of the lances, the saws, and the pumping tubes.

The leech has three saws, with which it does good service in the phlebotomy line.

The woodpecker has a three barbed tongue, like a Fijian's spear, with which it draws out the worm which it has excited by its tapping.

The clam feeds with a siphon and the oyster with its beard.—San Francisco Chronicle.

**Traveling Stones.**

Much has been written about the traving stones of Australia, but it is not generally known that in Nevada similar curiosities are found. The stones are perfectly round, the majority of them being as large as a walnut and of an irony nature. When distributed about the floor, table or level surface, within two or three feet of each other, they immediately begin traveling toward a common center, and there lie huddled up in a bunch like a lot of eggs in a nest. Scattered over the barren region in which they are found are little basins from a few feet to a rod or two in diameter, and it is in the bottom of these that the rolling stones are found.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**A Japanese Decoration.**

A new decoration is announced by the emperor of Japan in celebration of Emperor Jimmu's coronation 2,550 years ago, the distinguishing feature of which is the kinshi, or golden fish hawk or kite device. The legend is to the effect that during Emperor Jimmu's conquest of eastern Japan, when his fortunes were at a low ebb and he had sustained several successive defeats, the sky one day became suddenly darkened, hail fell and a tobi of a golden hue settled on the emperor's crossbow. The bird threw off a brilliant light, the soldiers of the opposing army were struck blind with the glare, and the emperor was victorious.—Chicago Herald.

**The Mule's Rosary.**

A few years ago, while my father and I were in southern California, we made a journey from Santa Barbara over to the Santa Inez valley.

We had traveled several miles up the stream, thinking of no danger, when the Spaniard suddenly halted, and, pointing with his finger, told me to "look!" Directly in the trail and about 200 yards ahead was a monstrous grizzly seated on the body of a mule which he had killed and having his forelegs ready for instant action. He appeared to us as big as an elephant. We were both armed, but prudent, and did not care to attack a bear of such proportions, so we turned around and went down out of his way, returned to the trail after a long detour, and continued to the home of my friend, the mine owner.

Here we related our experience and learned that the unfortunate mule belonged to a Spaniard who worked in the mine. The owner of the property had advised the Spaniard to put the mule in the corral and not let him run loose and become the victim of a grizzly, but the man's foresight was not equal to his hindsight and he decided to pursue his own course. He fortified the mule by tying around his neck a string of beads with a crucifix attached, and felt certain that these would protect him from bears and other dangers. In order to allow the charms full play, he hobbled the animal and then turned him out to graze. The result we know.

While my friend and the Spaniard were getting their guns and ammunition ready I went up to the mine expecting to be back in time to go with them and see the battle with bruin. I followed them on horseback, but arrived on the scene too late for the fray. When I neared the place I saw them coming back with the skin of the bear lying across their horse. The fight had been short, sharp and decisive, and the conquering party had found in the stomach of the bear a trophy—a string of beads and a crucifix.—Forest and Stream.

**To Extinguish Fire on Shipboard.**

A novel and most effective apparatus for extinguishing fires in ships' holds and for rapidly ventilating the holds in emergencies has been brought out in England. The scientific basis of the invention is the fact of carbonic oxide gas being inimical to combustion. Fire is extinguished in the ship's hold by the apparatus filling it rapidly with fumes extracted from the boiler funnel, and cooled and purified on their way to the hold, vents being left for the expulsion of fresh air contained in the hold. The fumes are injected with such rapidity as to produce an outflow through all vents and crevices in the hold and thus prevent the ingress of fresh air, which would otherwise occur.—New Orleans Picayune.

**How Stage Fire Is Made.**

Ice and water are represented by strips of white and colored canvas. The vaporous effect of clouds in motion is represented by gauze and painted clouds. This has been improved upon by steam generated under the stage. The conflagrations on the stage are not as serious as they look. The thick volumes of smoke are produced by burning a powder called lycopodium in a pan. Direction is given to the smoke by the use of a large bellows. A glare of lime light is thrown upon it through crimson glasses, which, through jagged rents and openings, gives a lurid glow to the fumes. The falling of beams and the clanging of bells heighten the illusion.—Philadelphia Times.

**Ladies' Walking Clubs.**

A letter in a London newspaper suggests the formation of a ladies' walking association, by means of which ladies who are fond of walking and unable to find friends of like tastes to join their expeditions may be provided with congenial companionship. The idea is a good one, for there is no doubt that comparatively few women appreciate the great benefit of walking exercise or the intense pleasure to be derived from it—girls who will spend an entire day at lawn tennis or fox hunting, or a long night dancing at a ball, will profess themselves unequal to a six mile stretch by sea and stream.—Lady's Pictorial.

**Compensation of Players.**

Leading men and women in superior companies generally receive from $75 to $125; old men and women, from $40 to $50; juveniles and comedians, from $40 to $60; specialty and character actors, from $60 to $100. The common run of players get about $35 or $40, their season being in the neighborhood of forty weeks. They lead precarious lives and are apt to be more or less in debt. Another compensation is the profound satisfaction, the positive delight, that all players feel, as a rule, in their profession.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## A BOOK AGENT'S REVENGE.

### THE WAY HE GOT EVEN WITH A HOT HEADED OLD FARMER.

**He Was Kicked Out of the House, but Returned Loaded with Dynamite—The Farmer's Daughter "Rather Liked Him." Don't Kick Agents.**

I know I am only a book agent, one of those well oiled talking machines, commonly supposed to be composed of a curious compound of "gab," "check," "gall" and several other pleasant ingredients. I can't and won't, when it comes down to actual business, stand being kicked. I know I am homely and red headed and Irish, and I don't care who tells me so; but the man who kicks me touches me in a tender spot and I will have revenge.

One year ago I was canvassing in Pleasant Prairie. Ever been there? Beautiful place, level as a lake, rich soil, rich people, beautiful girls, but extraordinary big footed fathers. One day, about an hour before noon, I came to a large, fine farm house. I walked up and gave the door bell a vigorous pull. The door was opened by a young girl as fresh and pretty to look at as a new blown rose. I bowed with the easy gracefulness of an accomplished book agent, an art only attained by long and constant practice, and greeted her with my most bewitching smile. She kindly invited me into the parlor, while her two eyes beamed upon me like rays of light shining through the windows of heaven.

AN INTERRUPTED TETE A TETE.

She seated herself upon the sofa, and I, thinking "faint heart never won fair lady," pulled out my prospectus and took a seat by her side. For one short, happy hour I talked with that fair young maiden, when, just as we were beginning to get somewhat loving and confidential, the door opened, and a six footed, raw boned, big footed young farmer entered. He stared at us in blank amazement for a moment and then ejaculated: "Gall, what in thunder are you doing with that young— Great Scott! It's a book agent!" he ended abruptly, catching sight of my prospectus.

"Sir," I said, rising and politely bowing, "I have the honor of introducing to you a work"——

"And I," he broke in, starting for me, "have the pleasure of kicking you out of my house. You little red headed"——

I did not wait to hear more, but catching sight of the size of his boots, I grabbed my hat and started. Just as I reached the door his foot caught me like a young cyclone, and, helping me over six steps, landed me in the midst of a thorn rose bush.

When I crawled out of that bush I was as mad a piece of humanity to the square inch as ever existed; but I smothered the raging volcano within, arose and bowed politely.

"Madam," I said, turning to the girl, who was standing on the doorstep laughing at me, "I beg your pardon for my hasty exit. Necessity compelled me to leave your sweet presence a trifle more suddenly than either politeness or inclination inclined me to; but in the near future I shall do myself the honor to call again."

"As for you, sir," I said, addressing the farmer, "we two shall meet again."

"Let me catch your red head shining in my yard again and I will kick you all over the farm," was the sweet good-by of the horny handed son of toil.

THE AGENT'S REVENGE.

That night I laid awake all night meditating a dire and awful revenge, and by morning I had my plans all made.

I had a piece of thick sheetiron made so that it fitted snug and cozy like to that part of my anatomy which got kicked, then I secured six ounces of dynamite and fastened it carefully in a oil lined silk bag about six inches square. This I sewed on the inside of the seat of my second best pants, and my machine of vengeance was complete.

As I walked up to the door I saw the farmer drop his fork and take a bee line from the hay field to the house. The same girl answered the ring of the door bell. She seemed very much surprised to see me again, but with a rosy blush on her cheeks and a winsome smile on her lips she again invited me into the parlor.

She seated herself on the sofa and with a blush invited me to do the same. I did not dare to sit down, but I bent forward—so as to give the farmer a good opportunity for a square kick—seized her hand and had just begun to murmur passionately: "I must look upon your supremely beautiful face again, though the sun should fail and the heavens should fail"——

When— well the heavens did not fall, but the farmer's foot did square and fair upon that dynamite bag. Great Scott! who would have thought six ounces of dynamite could create such a rumpus!

When I picked myself up out of a straw pile ten rods away, into which I had been fortunately thrown, and therefore not much hurt, I saw the farmer crawling out of a mud puddle in the hog yard some fifteen rods away, and the girl hanging on the wire fence in the back yard.

"I bet that farmer don't kick another book agent," I muttered as I cleared out.
—Burlington Hawkeye.

**Rest Is the Cure for Headache.**

There are a good many kinds of headache. In these days the nervous headache is a very distinct variety. It is generally in the front of the head, across the forehead, over the eyes. But it may be in other parts—at the top of the head, at one or both sides, at the back or all over. It is painful, depressing, disabling. Physic by itself is no use. There is not a single drug known to medical science which will of itself at once permanently cure a nervous headache. On the other hand, drugs are not always needed. A complete change of air and circumstances will usually take away the pain in ten or twelve hours. Perfect rest, of a duration proportioned to the severity and long continuance of the symptoms, will make the cure permanent.—American Analyst.


# People Wonder

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Mrs. Jos. Lake, Brockway Centre, Mich., writes: "Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony. I was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an

## Improvement

in my condition, my appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life, and I cannot thank you too much."

"We, the undersigned, citizens of Brockway Centre, Mich., hereby certify that the above statement, made by Mrs. Lake, is true in every particular and entitled to full credence."—O. P. Chamberlain, G. W. Waring, C. A. Wells, Druggist.

"My brother, in England, was, for a long time, unable to attend to his occupation, by reason of sores on his foot. I sent him Ayer's Almanac and the testimonials it contained induced him to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using it a little while, he was cured, and is now a well man, working in a sugar mill at Brisbane, Queensland, Australia."—A. Attewell, Sharbot Lake, Ontario.

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St Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 21st st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 3441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

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Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3628 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

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St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 170 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 251 S May st; P A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

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St Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 449 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Pois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgobann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 251 Hanover st.

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St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 225 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seita, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thompsets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Beier, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McSben, F S; John J Mansell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

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St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtech, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Feool hall.

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St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m

St Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flagel, R S, 86 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Our Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7 30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St Bridget's Court No 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 595 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas: Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; B P Merech, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Bommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Piok, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krants, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 506 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Moyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J B Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2814 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Beehant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee Ill.

St. Cecilia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

### ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont Ill.

County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.

County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.

County Treasurer, James H Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 3 5 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 182 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 619 Thirty-second st; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; J P O Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty fifth st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec. M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2525 S. Halsted st., 1st Sunday of every month.

Div No 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S Halsted st., pres; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Gordon, Rec sec, 629 S Halsted st; P. F. Radigan, Fin Sec. M Blake Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport av and Union st.

Div No. 5—Timothy Collins, pres., 2105 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Feil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P V. Fitzpatrick Fin sec. James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth av; M. Reilly V. P.; Peter Quirley Rec. Sec. 672 Forty-third st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec. Mm Murray Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret 444 Queen av.; Rec. Sec., William Marder, 476 W Fifteenth st.; Fin Sec., James E O Brien 276 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dunn, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 353 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec. Jas. A Fitzpatrick Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Abern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec Sec.; M. J. McMahon, Fin Sec T Farrell Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 98 Emerson av.; V.-P., Denis Foley Rec Sec. Jos Richter 398 W Indiana st, Fin Sec., M. E. Lynch Treas. Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor Paulina and Indiana st.

Div No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2982 Dearborn st; V.-P., John J. Roche Rec Sec. James Lane 3138 Ashland av. Fin Sec., William J Joyce. Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasser's hall Loch st and Archer av.

Div No 13—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast Fin. Sec. Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont Ill.

Div No 14—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway, Rec Sec., William Tait, 81 George st. Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3726 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Heuely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2726 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Lofus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresnahan. Fin. Sec. Jas. Mulcahey Treas. Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av., V.-P. C A Reedy, Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queely's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres., Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st, V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month at 2 p. m., at 188 Blue Island av

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av, V.-P., P McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec. P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—Pres. William J. Dougherty, 47th st. and Centre av.; V.-P. J McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., Thomas Baker, 4714 Loomis st.; Fin. Sec., James Doherty. Treas. Patrick Grace. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn, Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J Graham, Treas. R Feaney. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div No. 26—Pres. John McHenna 3229 Wentworth av V. P. J Doheny, Rec Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec. James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec Sec. Dennis Guest, Kensington. Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey, Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1088 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3100 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O Brien, Rec. Sec., Charles F. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 503 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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John L. Cunningham, 2300 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.

Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av. Jersey City, N J.

Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.

John Patton, No. 1 Yeoman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.

Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashie st, Chicago, Ill.

John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg Pa.

J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.

Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.

Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal

J V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.

T F. Thornton, 2010 Third av, Birmingham Ala.

Dan'l Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D C.

Thos. Noonan, 88 E S. enth st., St. Paul, Minn.

John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.

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### The New Theology and Immortality.

We no longer draw any sharp lines between this world and the other world. We dismiss as a part of the dualism of the past, the notion of a "long and dreary sleep," a flesh resurrection, and a great gap between the dying and the rising again. Life is continuous; life is one; and death makes no break in it. The loss of an arm leaves the man unchanged; the other arm is lost, he is still unchanged; he falls, like John Carter, from a tree, and dislocates his neck, and lives for twenty years with no power of motion save in his head; but he is still John Carter. Life goes on uninterrepted. The body drops into the grave and disintegrates altogether. Life still goes on uninterrupted. The dissolution of the whole body is no more than the dissolution of any part of it.

The dogma that all hope of repentance necessarily ends at the grave, we banish into the lumber room which holds the other fragments of an abandoned dualism. As man goes out of our sight, such is he on the other side of the veil which hides him from us. It is by no accident that new theology men, while many of them refuse to accept the Andover hypothesis, everywhere, by an unconscious agreement, also refuse to accept the unscriptural dogma of the decisive nature of this life's probation for every man; for that dogma belongs to that dualism which insists on breaking life into two dissevered hemispheres, time and eternity, this world and the other world. We know of no such severance. We are now in eternity; this world and the other world are one.—Rev. Lyman Abbott in Forum.

### A Land of Peaches.

In the neighborhood of Sydney such fruits as the peach, nectarine, apricot, plum, fig, grape, cherry and orange are as plentiful as blackberries. If a peach stone is thrown down in almost any part of Australia where there is a little moisture a tree will spring up which in a few years will yield handsomely. A well known botanist used formerly to carry with him, during extensive travels, a bag of peach stones to plant in suitable places, and many a wandering settler has blessed him since. Pigs were formerly often fed on peaches, as was done in California; it is only of late years that peaches have been utilized in both places by drying or otherwise preserving them. A basket load may be obtained in the Sydney markets, during the season, for a few cents.—Exchange.

### Individual Efforts.

The following shows what a single individual can do for a charitable institution by dint of hard work. A director of one of the largest hospitals of New York city secured, during the past five years, 667 new members, which added $6,670 to the annual income. He also induced 153 members who were paying $10 a year to become patrons at $25 a year, thus increasing the yearly income $2,295, and he furthermore procured ninety new patrons at $25 per annum, equal $2,250. The grand total of increase of revenue was thus $11,215—truly a good showing for one man's energy, the more so as the field was not a fresh one, it having been gone over by a number of solicitors for a good many years before he began to put in his work.—Epoch.

### Brazilian Hammocks.

The passenger capacity of the vessels on the Amazon river is not limited by the number of berths or state rooms, which are seldom or never used except by the few foreign travelers to dress in, but by the limit of hanging room for hammocks on the deck of the vessel. Everybody of necessity must have a hammock, as the state rooms are unbearable at night. Even in the hotels hammocks are more used than the beds. Some of them are very fine. Those made of maqueira grass, with feather lace trimmings, are considered the best. It takes from several months to a year to make really good ones, and they bring anywhere from $100 to $500 each.—New York Ledger.

### Confusing.

A minister who enjoys a laugh as well as any one says that he was once invited to take tea with the family of a new parishioner.

Among the members of the household were a quiet little lad of 4 or 5 years and a middle aged, unmarried lady, whom the rest of the family addressed as "Aunt Mattie."

Just before supper was announced the little boy came into the parlor and said, in a shrill whisper, heard by all present:

"Aunt Ma-a-ttie, ma says she's goin' to set you by the pre-e-e-cher. Ain't that a good joke on you?"—Youth's Companion.


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| Dry Blving, per box | ½ cent |
| Japan Tea Buds, in fancy tin canisters, per lb | 19 cents |
| 2-lb cans Grated Pineapple for | 10 cents |
| Cairn's Scotch Marmalade, per jar | 10 cents |
| Puritan Tomatoes, packed in glass jars, each | 10 cents |
| 3-lb can California White Cherries for | 15 cents |
| A 12-lb box American Macaroni for | 10 cents |
| This means the box and 12 lbs Macaroni all for 10 cents. | |
| Whole German Pears, per pound | 9 cents |
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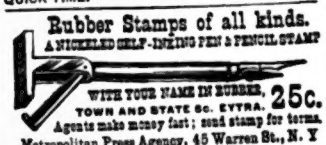

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McARDLE & WHEELOCK, ATTORNEYS.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the final settlement of the estate of Catherine Bartley, deceased. To Mary Egan, heir-at-law of said decedent, and "the son of George and Bridget Hepp, for whom Francis Bartley stood sponsor," "Mary, daughter of Kitty Phelin, sister of deceased's mother," "The Old Lady's Home or Old Lady's Refuge, an institution in that part of Chicago commonly called the West Side, conducted under Roman Catholic management," "The Roman Catholic clergyman attending said institution on the 10th day of February, 1888," "The Roman Catholic clergymen attending the house of the Little Sisters of the Poor and the Home of Sisters of the Good Shepard on the 10th day of February, 1888," the heirs and representatives of Ann Dolan, a deceased legatee, and unknown legatees, legatees under the will of said decedent

Take Notice, that on the 13th day of June, A. D. 1890, at 10 o'clock a. m., or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, the undersigned will present to the Probate Court, at the Court House in the City of Chicago, in said county, his final account as administrator, de bonis non, with will annexed of said estate and ask that the same be approved; that said estate be declared settled, and the under-igned discharged from his said office, at which time and place you are notified to be present if you so desire.

Chicago, 1st day of April, A. D. 1890.

HENRY N. STOLTENBERG, Administrator.

McARDLE & WHEELOCK, Attorneys. 87 Dearborn-st., Chicago.

### ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF JOHN GRIFFIN, DEBTOR. The undersigned hereby gives notice that John Griffin, of Chicago, in the County of Cook, and State of Illinois, did, on the 4th day of March A. D. 1890, transfer to the undersigned, as assignee, all his property, real and personal, for the benefit of his creditors, according to the provisions of the act concerning assignments.

All persons having claims against the said John Griffin are hereby notified to present such claims, under oath or affirmation, to me, at Room 6 81 Clark street, Chicago, in said county, within three months from this date. PATRICK GARRETT, Assignee.

Dated March 19, 1890.

M. E. Ames, Attorney, Room 6 81 Clark-st.


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CARROLLTON, GREEN CO., ILL., Nov., '88. I highly recommend Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic to anybody that has suffered from headache as my son did for 5 years, because 2 bottles of the medicine cured him. M. McTIGUE.

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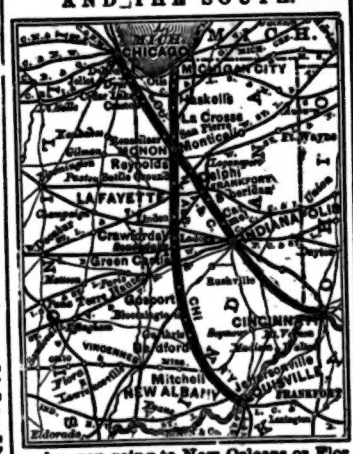


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